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THE LIVING AGE

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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

AN INTERNATIONAL TRIANGLE

SOME people in Spain are alarmed at the activities of the Pan-American Students' League, an organization designed to bring together the students of the northern and southern portions of our hemisphere in various amicable ways. *El Sol* characterizes this body as 'one of those agencies, like others of a more specifically economic kind, which the United States is using to insinuate itself into Spanish-American affairs, to augment gradually its influence there, and eventually to establish its complete ascendency over them;' and quotes with approval the reply of the 'President of the Cuban Students' to the invitation of the League to join it: 'You Northerners are a distinct race, with ideas antagonistic to our own. We admire your qualities and aspire to imitate them, but at the same time we have our own qualities that we are trying to preserve in order to accomplish our historical destiny.' Latin-American students attending Spanish universities have formed a 'Spanish-American University Federation,' which has recently gained some publicity by petitioning the President of Peru 'to signalize the centenary of the Battle of Ayacucho (at which Spanish America won her independence from the mother country) by removing the ban of exile under which Peruvian students are suffering for political reasons;' and also by a public letter of congratulation to José Vasconcellos, Secretary of Public Instruction of Mexico, upon his success in assembling a library of ten thousand volumes dealing with the history — and especially with the wars of liberation — of Spanish America.

The centenary of Ayacucho has naturally stimulated Spain's efforts to win good-will in her former colonies.

El Sol, the Madrid Liberal organ that has taken a lead in the agitation for strengthening Spanish influence in America, is as much opposed to the propaganda of the French and Italians in favor of 'Latin' cultural unity as to that which it suspects Washington of conducting.

Latinismo has also held its congresses of the Latin press which we have denounced as hostile to our policy of rapprochement with Spanish America. France has organized in

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addition an Institute in Argentina, and is maintaining several military missions in America. Italy likewise supports an Institute in Buenos Aires, and has recently started negotiations with several South American Governments, especially with their War Departments, to sell them arms, munitions, and other military supplies.

Therefore, this journal exhorts its readers to encourage every advance made to Spain by the people of her former colonies across the Atlantic.

Otherwise Europe will not mean to them Spain, but those other nations — that is, France and Italy — that are their more distant relatives but that are giving them the support of their culture, and even of their armaments and military counsel, in their struggle against North American absorption — of which the Cuban protest against the Pan-American Students' League is but an incident.

Spain's prestige in America suffers from her relative backwardness in social legislation. Hundreds of thousands of Spaniards, says *El Sol*, who have made their homes across the Atlantic, are living under more progressive laws and institutions than they would enjoy at home.

This alarm at competing European influences in America is not confined to the journal in question. D. Carlos Nestor Maceil has just published an alarmist book entitled *The Italianization of the Argentine*, in which he points out the danger that the large and growing Italian colonies in Argentina and elsewhere represent for the native culture and the political supremacy of the older settlers. Until the deposition of President Alessandri, both Chile and Uruguay had Chief Executives who were the sons of Italian immigrants, and if we may believe this writer and those who think like him, the 'de-Spanishization' of Latin America is going on apace.

The jealousy of French — that is, Latin — as well as North American propaganda in Spanish America is voiced again in an article advocating 'a Congress of Latin-American Intellectuals,' published in the October number of *Revista Social* of Habana. It is in the form of a letter addressed to the editor of that magazine, Emilio Roig de Leuchsenring, by Edwin Elmore, who, despite his Anglo-Saxon name, is a Peruvian writer. Mr. Elmore would take time by the forelock to start a movement for cultural cooperation and mutual defense among the scholars, writers, and artists of Latin America: —

Already the League of Nations, with its somewhat abstract proposals for intellectual coöperation, is promoting the idea of a closer moral and intellectual union among our people. France has recently launched a plan for creating an Institute of Intellectual Coöperation, in which she frankly suggests that, as its initiator, she should play the leading rôle. Here we have, then, a French project which promises to resemble a second edition of the Pan-American project, or, to put it more exactly, the Pan-Yankee project.

Simultaneously, political schemes for drawing closer together the Latin-American countries, and the Latin countries and Spain, are being discussed. The rather chimerical suggestion has been made that each Spanish-speaking republic should send a delegate to the Spanish Cortes and that Spain should reciprocate by sending delegates who should have the right to a seat, if not a vote, in each legislative assembly of Spanish America. But this proposal has received little favor from practical-minded publicists. More importance is to be attached to several suggestions — apparently indicative of a strengthening sentiment, though not of a movement likely to result in immediate practical measures — for establishing

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some kind of federation of the Latin-American States, or at least for creating a Latin-American citizenship under which the citizen of one country would enjoy without naturalization about the same rights in any other country of the group that the citizen of one State in the American Union enjoys when he removes to another State.

Le Journal de Genève, discussing the prospect that Mexico may speedily join the League of Nations, makes this significant comment: —

> That would be a true reinforcement for the League. Mexico occupies a place apart in Latin America. She is not merely a country like the other republics — she is a marchland, and stands guard on the border against the Anglo-Saxons. For that reason the League of Nations will never seem complete to the Spanish-speaking world until Mexico is a part of it.

*

NEW CHANNELS OF COMMUNICATION

For nearly five years the Rhine-Main-Danube Company at Munich has been engaged in constructing what promises to be one of the most important inland waterways in the world, connecting the North Sea and the Black Sea by means of a canal between the Rhine, Main, and Danube Rivers. The route from sea to sea will exceed two thousand miles in length, and will be navigable for ships of fifteen hundred tons. It is estimated that ten million tons of freight will pass through the canal annually, and upon its completion the industrial districts of western Germany will have direct communication with the agrarian regions of southeastern Europe. Incidentally, a large amount of electric power will be generated at thirty-three power stations erected in connection with the main project.

Norway has just added an important link to her railway system with the completion of a line linking the fiord districts east of Molde with the line between the capital, Oslo, and the important port of Trondhjem. Americans will be chiefly interested in the new route, which is only seventy miles long, on account of its remarkable scenic attractions. It runs through exceptionally picturesque country, between lofty mountains and close to several famous waterfalls. In order to exploit this feature of the road, the State railways plan to run special observation-cars with glass roofs as well as sides, for the benefit of tourists.

King Albert of Belgium, it is now reported, will defer his engagement as the star tourist of the season over the new French motor line across the Sahara, which has just been inaugurated. This biweekly service places Paris within twelve days of Timbuktu. The desert journey is accomplished by ordinary wheeled cars, except for certain particularly difficult stages, where caterpillars will be used. The last part of the trip, down the Niger from Timbuktu to Gao, about 180 miles, will be by steamer. Tourists will not have to sleep in the open, as desert hotels are being prepared for their accommodation. At one point they will be quartered in a palace, at another in a castle, and they will occupy a palace at Timbuktu, their destination. It is proposed even to install bathrooms with running water at the halting-places in the sandy wastes. There will be music evenings; and machine-guns to ward off uninvited visitors will likewise be among the modern comforts of this up-to-the-minute enterprise. If the patronage is as promising as anticipated, the line will probably be extended so that the restless tripper may eventually make an immense semicircular tour of all North and Central Africa from Algiers to the Niger, the Congo, and the Nile, ending at Cairo.

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RUSSIA'S PERENNIAL PROBLEMS

KAMENEV, a member of the Central Committee of the Soviet Government, stated in a recent report before that body that it was intended to export during the coming year raw materials to the value of 456,000,000 rubles, and to import merchandise to the value of 380,000,000 rubles. These shipments, however, would include 75,000,000 poods of grain, which, in view of the crop failure last season, it may be impossible to supply. The principal imports are expected to be, measured in American currency, cotton to the value of $50,000,000, factory equipment to the value of $15,000,000, and agricultural implements and 'other things indispensable for the peasants' to the value of $14,000,000. If grain cannot be exported, shipments of timber and petroleum will have to be forced to the utmost point to pay for goods bought abroad.

Something has already been accomplished toward modernizing agricultural methods. On September 5, according to *Pravda*, five hundred Fordson tractors bought in America were unloaded in Novorossiysk, a Black Sea port, together with five hundred gang ploughs, and one hundred seeders. They have been distributed throughout the prairie wheat-regions, especially in the districts recently afflicted by the drought. The last machines reached their destination on October 15. They were immediately assembled and sent out to be demonstrated for two or three days, after which they were distributed for actual work. A government bureau has been designated to supply oil and fuel for the tractors, and to instruct local farmer-boys to operate them. Fortunately the machinery did not come too late for autumn ploughing.

The journal just quoted is disturbed because the old landowners are filtering back into the country, and in some instances are receiving a friendly welcome among the peasants where they formerly resided. Several such instances are described; one where the son-in-law of a former estate-owner returned to his native town and began to work on a Soviet estate, where his experience as a stock-breeder proved so valuable that the local authorities themselves have returned to him his former manor-house with more land than the law allows.

Frankfurter Zeitung is alarmed over the attitude of the Soviet Government in Georgia, where the authorities threaten to cancel — if they have not already done so — the concessions under which a number of private firms, including two large German companies, have been mining manganese ore. According to this journal, the Moscow Government has been moved to take this action by its success in closing a contract on more favorable terms with the Harriman group, under which the latter will have a practical monopoly of manganese-mining in the Transcaucasian territories.

According to *Gazette de Prague*, an investigation conducted by the Soviet authorities indicates that the average daily output per workman in the fourteen most important branches of nationalized industry was valued, in October, 1922, at the equivalent of $2.15 American currency, and in January, 1924, at $2.70. This is an increase of 23.3 per cent. During the same interval, however, the average daily wage of a workingman in the same branches of industry rose from approximately nineteen cents — 37.8 kopecks — to thirty-six cents; that is to say, 90 per cent. While the working day is theoretically eight hours, the men work but four or six hours, and in some cases not more than an hour and a half or two hours. *Ekonomicheskaia*

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Zhizn, the Soviet economic daily, mentioned, in its issue of August 24, instances where employees in a cabinet shop petitioned the management to remove the chairs and tables that encumbered the place and prevented their working, and complained because they had to make long trips to heat their glue since there was no fire in the establishment. Blacksmiths have had to stand in queues several hours in order to get coal for their fires. Employees loaf around for an hour or more, waiting to be assigned to a new job. In other words, according to this Bolshevist journal, the curse of Bolshevism is managerial incompetence.

♔

MINOR NOTES

ROBERT VIVIER, commenting in *Le Soir* upon the new spirit of condescension that characterizes American tourists in Europe, asks, 'Have we nothing left to be proud of but our past?' The question is typical of a state of mind now common abroad, especially when the United States is discussed. It springs partly from the sense of impoverishment and lost world-supremacy that helps to explain Europe's attitude toward payment of her debts to us. A writer in *L'Independance Belge* remarks that even 'the bright-eyed misses and bustling boys' who accompany their elders to Europe from America arrive already convinced that they are visiting a decadent race. 'They regard us with a little pity, a little condescension, and a little curiosity about our past; but principally with the feeling that the Old World has been dethroned — and forever.'

THE Netherlands Parliament has recently enacted a new tariff-law, increasing duties upon imports, against the violent opposition of the Left, which considered the measure a step toward Protection and likely to increase the price of living. The majority Parties felt called upon to protest that they had no intention of embarking upon a Protectionist policy, but were confining themselves to purely administrative revisions. Netherlands duties are very low compared with those of most European countries, — indeed, considerably lower than those of Free-Trade England, — and the average increase from five per cent ad valorem to eight per cent ad valorem is justified by the financial needs of the Government. The Upper House has also adopted an amendment to the civil code, placing upon the owner and the driver of an automobile the burden of proof that they are not responsible for damage caused by the vehicle. Hitherto the injured party has had to prove this point.

No matter how stormy Italy's political waters continue to be, the subsidence of war passions is manifesting itself there as definitely as in other countries. Early in November the Cabinet took note of the sixth anniversary of peace by conferring certain honors and distinctions; and among those thus singled out was Count Luigi Cardona, the generalissmo of the Italian armies at Caparetto, who was appointed a marshal of the army. Thus, according to *Corriere della Sera*, 'the great injustice done him when he was removed from his command after that disaster has at length been repaired.'

THE staff of the Argentine Natural History Museum, which has been conducting a palæontological survey of Playa del Barco in the Province of Buenos Aires, has unearthed in a sand and clay deposit lying between the tide-lines on the coast a hundred or more fossil remains of a great variety of extinct mammals. These are of comparatively recent origin, and include

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the bones of the mastodon and his herbivorous and carnivorous contemporaries of the so-called *Pampeano superior* period.

M. HERRIOT'S Cabinet seems to have reached a short stretch of placid water after narrowly escaping a wreck in turbulent parliamentary rapids a month ago. Its Conservative supporters were frightened by the increasing activity of the Communists, and its friends upon the Left were alarmed at discovering that the Minister of Commerce had received ten thousand francs for campaign expenses from a fund raised by opponents of Government regulation of industry — and therefore of the entire Socialist programme. Possibly the illness of the Premier, instead of weakening his Ministry, as was predicted, was a factor in prolonging its life, because it afforded a brief respite during which political passions moderated. Possibly, also, the Communists have done the present Government a good turn by stiffening the allegiance of the Moderate Socialists and giving the authorities an opportunity to prove that they are capable of acting resolutely as soon as Bolshevist agitation seriously threatens public order.

ACCORDING to *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, the largest rolling-mill in the world has just been installed at Duisburg in the Ruhr. It is capable of rolling an ingot weighing nearly five tons into rails during a single turn. It is driven by an 18,000-horsepower engine, and is designed to roll one hundred tons of steel an hour.

THE HATE GERM

'The highest cultural achievement for Germans at the present moment is to hate others.' PROFESSOR STAHLBERG, Berlin. — *Nebelspalter*

BOURGEOIS CONTENT

Man pondering on the gratifying fact that he did not go on the stage twenty-five years ago. — *Notenkraker*

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SPANISH-AMERICAN REVOLUTIONS

BY D. BALDOMERO SANÍN CANO

[We print below a translation of a stenographic report of a lecture delivered before the Unión Ibero-Americana at Madrid last spring. The author was formerly Secretary of the Treasury at Colombia, and is at present Madrid correspondent of *La Nación* of Buenos Aires.]

BETWEEN 1870 and 1880 European press writers began to propagate on every conceivable occasion the idea that the Latin-American Republics were hotbeds of revolution, and that living in them was a constant tragedy. This newspaper and periodical campaign resulted in attaching to all the Governments from Mexico to Argentina the general epithet 'tropical republics,' and when anyone wished to illustrate the idea of anarchy, ruthless violence, and uncalled-for bloodshed, he turned to them for examples.

Let me read you a paragraph from the London *Times*, published in 1914, that will make perfectly plain Europe's opinion of Latin America. The *Times* said: 'In Peru, in Bolivia, in Paraguay, in Ecuador, in Venezuela . . . in other American countries, the present inhabitants are destined gradually to decline and to descend to the inferior condition to which their feebleness and incapacity doom them.'

This theory passed from the press and the lips of misguided or malicious detractors into serious works of science. Its two most prominent champions in Europe were Dr. Benjamin Kidd in England and Gustav LeBon in France. The latter, especially, has been the authority to whom journalists and periodical writers have usually appealed whenever they had occasion to refer to Latin America in press dispatches or serious articles.

Before discussing the theories of Gustav LeBon it will be illuminating to recite the fields of human knowledge embraced by his ubiquitous intelligence. M. LeBon has written on the psychology of crowds, the psychology of Socialism, tobacco smoke, equitation, and the religions of India, and without exhausting his fund of learning he has given us another great work, which he calls the *Evolution of Matter*, in which he tries to prove that electric currents are merely matter in a state of disassociation. This gentleman also honored South America by studying her political life and classifying her peoples as a distinct group in the great family of nations.

This savant's definition of the American Republics is, to say the least, graphic and emphatic. He wrote in 1892: 'It is known in what a state of miserable anarchy all the Latin Republics of America live; their incessant revolutions, their utter financial chaos, and the demoralization of their citizens, particularly the military element.' So there is no salvation. All these Republics live in a state of miserable anarchy, and all their citizens are utterly demoralized. Revolutions are incessant, — as if such a thing were possible! — their treasuries are hopelessly insolvent! That an author who calls himself a scientist and who has the title of 'Doctor' should use such language in a scientific work must surprise us. Even the newspaper gentlemen, who belong to a profession that is often taxed with irresponsible statements, never ventured to descend to this class of writing — at least never in serious articles.

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None the less, the works of Benjamin Kidd and Gustav LeBon were the evangel of all those who professed to write and talk intelligently about the Spanish-American Republics from 1870 down to the end of the century; and even to-day, since the influence of the press is strong and the printed word is almost imperishable, many people still go to the works of Kidd and LeBon for their ideas of Latin America.

As a result of such generalization as this, an amusing theory — I cannot give it another name — was popularized, to the effect that Providence had placed on the white man's shoulders a burden which he could not shake off. It was the burden of civilizing the colored races. This philanthropic theory would not have been open to any special objection if the white man himself had not made the racial classification.

When the European came to classify humanity he graded as white men the English, the French, the Germans, and perhaps the Scandinavians. All the rest of the world was 'colored.' And these four peoples — including with them the United States, which managed to get into the group a little later — were destined by Divine Providence to subjugate the other races in order to show them the road to civilization.

Now who were the colored people? The colored people included four hundred million Chinamen, who had a civilization long before the civilization that the white race is now propagating appeared in the records of history. They included all the inhabitants of Holy Asia, of Dark Africa, and of America. So these few overburdened white men were summoned to shoulder all alone the huge burden of ruling the vast majority of the human race and leading it to salvation.

With regard to their mission of educating and civilizing the Chinese, I will trespass upon your patience to quote a remark made by Bertrand Russell at a lecture which he gave in London on his return from a long journey through China, which he made for the express purpose of bringing back to the English people the results of his investigations in that country. Bertrand Russell, as my hearers know, is unquestionably the most distinguished mathematician in England, and one of the most searching and original thinkers in Europe. But like many others in our present age, he has learned, after devoting a lifetime to these subjects, that the world calls for something larger, and he is now devoting himself entirely to studying the psychology of his own nation and of other nations.

When he returned from China he was invited to give a course of lectures describing his experience, and summarizing what he had learned in China. I had the pleasure of listening to the final lecture of this series. At its conclusion the lady who presided rose and proposed to those present to start a subscription to raise a large fund for the purpose of bringing Chinamen to Europe to study, and she asked Mr. Russell what he thought of the scheme. Mr. Russell said: 'My lady, I believe that the collection you suggest is a very wise one, providing it is turned around. Instead of spending the great sum of money that you propose to collect to bring Chinamen to study in Europe, I suggest that it be used to send Englishmen to study in China.' This remark was greeted with a roar of laughter from the audience. Thereupon Mr. Russell continued with typical British seriousness: 'Gentlemen, I see that the eight lectures I have given on China have been wasted, for when you laugh at what I have just said you show that you have not understood in the slight-

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est the lesson they are designed to teach.'

To put it in a different way: a mind as liberal and advanced as that of Bertrand Russell realizes that the idea of sending white men from Europe to teach our civilization to the Chinese is no more, or no less, justifiable than the idea of having Chinese come to Europe to teach us their civilization. Now something of the same sort applies to America, although not to so marked an extent as in case of China.

From this division of the human race into colored and uncolored people has sprung the legend that the nations that inhabit the two Americas — except the United States and Canada — are submerged in barbarism as a result of constant revolutions. That legend, although it has no basis of fact, has been sedulously propagated in both Europe and the United States by people who wish to see it accepted, in order to justify their own designs upon certain parts of the continent.

It is true that many revolutions occurred in America during the nineteenth century; but was America the only part of the planet where men thus amused themselves?

Let us take, for example, one of the most civilized countries of the globe, a nation whose disappearance would have left an irreparable gap in the world's civilization. You will understand that I mean France. Let us begin by recalling the year 1799, when the Directory was established. That finished one revolution and began another. Between 1799 and 1870 revolutions followed each other in quick succession. An empire fell and a monarchy succeeded it. A monarchy fell and was replaced by one more resplendent, called the Bourgeois Monarchy; the Bourgeois Monarchy fell and was replaced by a republic that modestly called itself the Second Republic; the gentleman who was President of the Second Republic carried out a *coup d'état* and changed the Government — at least its form — into the Second Empire; and this empire fell in a revolution started by the Republicans in 1870, which began its career by suppressing a Communist uprising.

If we take the trouble to enumerate the real revolutions in any single American republic we shall not find so many as occurred in France. But no one has ever stigmatized France as a hotbed of anarchy, or asserted that her constant revolutions made living there impossible and existence a tragedy.

If we seek the reason why France, subsequently to 1870, ceased to upset a government, with more or less bloodshed, once every fifteen years, we shall discover that about that time Europe substituted for revolutions something else, which, though apparently less serious and ominous, proved in the event quite as costly and disastrous as all the revolutions of America taken together, and perhaps more so.

In 1862 Bismarck became Minister of the King of Prussia, and his first act was to lay the foundations for a formidable army. He thus created what we call to-day an armed Power. The advisers who surrounded Bismarck, and who were informed as to the situation of the other nations of Europe, could not understand why he built up this powerful military engine. They said to him: 'Russia is our friend; we have nothing to fear from Austria; France is occupied with domestic matters and is not preparing for a war.' Bismarck, whose policy really went back to 1848 and 1849, when social revolution raised its head throughout Europe, answered these objectors: 'Gentlemen, I am not creating this army to defend us from Russia, to attack Austria, or to subjugate France; I am creating it as a barrier to democracy.'

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And in fact his army did serve to keep in check the people in Prussia whom Bismarck called democrats. But as the adjoining countries did not as yet fear their terrible democracies enough to raise powerful armies to keep them in check, Prussia's armaments became a direct menace to their safety; and to protect themselves from this peril, they too began to arm. That was the way our half-century of armed peace started. Such a system automatically ended revolutions, for though man is not an intelligent animal, his instinct teaches him to accommodate himself to circumstances. His instinct informed him that you could not have a revolution in a country where the army was so powerful that it could crush at the outset any attempt at insurrection.

But Bismarck and his imitators miscalculated, for they did not bethink themselves of the fact that this system of standing armies, or armed peace, bore within itself the seeds of total ruin. Indeed, since 1914 we have seen armies make a revolution in Russia, a revolution in Germany, two revolutions in Hungary, several revolutions in Bavaria, one revolution in Greece, and one in Turkey. Although it is not so obvious, soldiers made the revolution in Italy, for the Fascisti were nothing less than a demobilized army that refused to stay demobilized.

Let us see which of the two systems — the system of continual revolution or the system of armed peace — is the worse for society. I cannot speak very confidently of the cost of the revolutions in South America, because they have left no reliable statistics and their history is not yet written. And in any case, it is difficult to gather data at such a distance. But I know my own country. I have made myself familiar with its finances because I have held — I don't know how to express it — I was incautious enough to let the President of the Republic catch me and put me in charge of its Treasury. For this reason I can give you some data as to the cost of the revolutions in Colombia. Naturally the figures are not exact; it is impossible to make them so, because we have had no regular statistics except during the last twenty years.

But making the best computation in my power, I have come to the conclusion that all the civil wars fought in Colombia, including the War of Independence, cost about twenty-two million pounds sterling. Now there are nineteen American countries of Spanish or Portuguese origin. Colombia is not one of the largest; neither is it one of the smallest. We may take it as a fair average. Making this assumption, the revolutions in Latin America during the nineteenth century cost altogether about 418 million pounds sterling. That is a formidable figure. It is about as much as the Allied nations spent every four weeks during the last war. But we took one hundred years to spend that sum in our revolutionary orgies.

Let us now consider the moral balance-sheet. One result of our frequent civil wars has been to keep patriotism within reasonable bounds, and to prevent its becoming so excessively exaggerated as it is in Europe. Our people have been so busy fighting each other that they have had very little time to hate anybody beyond their own frontiers. And this tempering of patriotism, which some people may deplore, has in reality been a great blessing; for the partial eclipse of that sentiment has prepared the way for recognizing our continental brotherhood.

Let me illustrate this by specific cases. During the nineteenth century there were many revolutions in Vene-

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zuela and Colombia. As a consequence, it was very common for citizens of Colombia to cross the frontier into the neighboring republic, and, even without acquiring formal citizenship there, to take an active part in its political life. For example, there was Diogenes Arrieta, who fled from Colombia, became domiciled in Venezuela, and was eventually elected a senator of that republic without anyone considering it peculiar.

You have probably heard of Antonio Guzman Blanco, a Venezuelan statesman, who ranked among the first Latin Americans of his generation. His father migrated to Colombia from Venezuela on account of a revolution, and was a signer of the Constitution of Colombia in 1863 — one of the most liberal constitutions ever drafted in America. But when that gentleman signed our Constitution, he was still a citizen of the Republic of Venezuela. Don Andrés Bello, a Venezuelan by birth, a distinguished man of letters and one of the leading philologists that South America has produced, took up his residence in London during the War of Independence as commissioner representing the patriots of his country. After the war was over, he made his residence in Chile, where, without becoming a man of the first prominence, he played an influential part in shaping the foreign relations of the young republic. Now just imagine M. Poincaré, for example, becoming a Member of the British House of Commons, or Lloyd George standing for office in a German general election! Yet such things are constantly happening throughout Latin America; and that is what I mean by our sense of continental brotherhood.

Furthermore, in drawing a moral balance-sheet of our civil wars, we must credit them with incorporating in the public law of our continent three principles that certainly would not have been so generally accepted if our wars had been fought against foreign Powers. These three principles, formulated at different times by Argentine publicists, are: (1) Conquest does not create territorial titles; (2) International debts cannot be collected by force; (3) America is not only for Americans; America is for humanity.

Some objector may say: 'But consider what the Latin-American countries might be to-day if, instead of wasting their resources and energies in revolutions, they had dedicated their labor and their wealth to the victories of peace.'

I feel only too vividly the force of that objection; but permit me to observe that the World War cost, apart from the destruction of private property — simply in money — twenty-four billion pounds sterling. Can we form any conception of what the belligerent nations might have accomplished with such a sum had they devoted it to bringing under cultivation the Amazon Valley and the plains of Patagonia, to harnessing the unmeasured power of the great network of rivers that courses down the Andes to the Atlantic, and to putting to work the vast store of electrical energy thus produced?

Another point. We must bear in mind that perpetual peace is not invariably better than revolution. Do not imagine that I am making a special plea for revolutions. I have been, it is true, a revolutionist, but with the passage of years men get over those infantile diseases. I do not purpose to defend revolution; but intellectual honesty compels us to inquire whether the white man, as our ultra-racialists have defined him, has not sometimes, when enjoying constant peace, failed to accomplish any more than our white-colored men in their tumultuous republics.

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For example, England has possessed continually since the eighteenth century a tract of the most fertile land in South America, a land so fertile and rich that Sir Walter Raleigh, the favorite of the Virgin Queen, sacrificed his health, his happiness, and perhaps his life, in trying to conquer it for the English Crown. The English have enjoyed its possession for more than a century and a quarter in constant peace. They have not permitted themselves the luxury of a single revolution.

Now let us compare this territory, which is called British Guiana, with the Republic of San Salvador. British Guiana has an area of 230,000 kilometres, and a population of 350,000, or a little more than one person per square kilometre. The Government spends 70,000 pounds on its public schools, and there are 35,000 pupils enrolled in them. The Republic of San Salvador is an eminently volcanic land. It is an example of the revolutionary country *par excellence*. This republic, instead of having an area of 230,000 kilometres, has only 21,000, but it supports on its limited territories a population of 1,330,000, compared with the 350,000 in British Guiana. More than that, the people of San Salvador have built 340 kilometres of railway, while British Guiana has only 150. San Salvador has sixty-three inhabitants per square kilometre, or about the same number as France. Here you have a comparison between a country that is one of the best examples I could cite of all the political defects that Europe ascribes to Latin America, and a model British colony enjoying the benefits of perpetual peace. There are the figures!

In Latin America we have two kinds of revolutions. I shall try to generalize a little here, although this is very difficult, inasmuch as revolutions vary according to the country and according to the continent in which they appear. But this generalization is pretty valid: all civil wars result from some injustice, while artificial revolutions as a rule do not originate in the country where they occur, but in a foreign country. Artificial revolutions are very common among us, and are generally organized in New York or in Washington. A law has been formulated regarding them that seems to be supported by the facts. It runs thus: the frequency of Latin-American revolutions varies in inverse ratio to the cube of the distance of each country from the United States. The nearer a country is to the United States, therefore, the more frequent its revolutions. My own republic illustrates this. Colombia was an eminently turbulent nation. It had an isthmus that was coveted by England, by the United States, and by France, because their people believed that a canal would be cut across that isthmus some day, and that this canal would be a centre of world trade — as it has indeed proved to be. In 1847 the Government of Colombia granted a franchise to an American company to build a railway across the isthmus, and from that date onward this little tract of strategic territory was never tranquil for a single hour. Many people from the United States settled there, and revolutions followed each other as regularly as the changes of the moon. Practically all of these disturbances either began or ended in Panama. Finally, in 1903, as the result of manœuvres that I shall not pause to describe, the people of Panama, aided by the Washington Government, seceded from Colombia, and since then my own country has enjoyed absolute peace. In 1923 my people celebrated the twentieth anniversary of civic peace — of an Augustan peace! So you see the generalization I made a moment ago is no figment of the imagination.

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An anecdote current among my people relates that a schoolboy in the United States was reciting his lesson in geography. This happened about the time of the big packing-house scandal in Chicago. His teacher asked the little boy what were the principal industries of the United States, to which he answered, with a confidence worthy of a better mark than he probably received: 'The principal industries of the United States are meat-packing and South American revolutions.'

There is still another substantial difference between our civil wars in Latin America and the international wars of Europe. In Latin America our civil wars or revolutions leave behind a wholesome distaste for violence, no matter how salutary the things attained by it may be. In 1900 a bloody battle was fought in the neighborhood of Bucaramanga, a prosperous Colombian city situated on the undulating plains of the Lebrija Valley. It was a unique battle on account of its length, for it lasted without intermission seventeen days. Neither the revolutionists nor the Government forces had an opportunity to bury their dead. They burned some of the bodies, and left the others to the mercies of the vultures and wild beasts that abound in that vicinity. When the fighting was over, the fields were already white with human bones. The good people of the neighborhood gathered them together in one great pyramid and covered them with a straw thatch to protect them from the weather. Soon the place became an object lesson in history. Mothers brought their children from a distance to impress upon them the folly and the horror of war. A traveler passing the battleground to-day involuntarily turns away his eyes, hastens his pace, and tries to banish the tragic incident from his memory.

So in Latin America we at least recognize our errors; we do not deify them. In Europe war leaves behind it a cult of heroes. Nations raise mighty and beautiful cenotaphs; they engrave on marble or on bronze the names of the fallen; they erect majestic triumphal arches and set in their shadow votive torches, whose flame, they fondly declare, shall never be extinguished, to burn in perpetual memory of the Unknown Soldier.

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BOER WAR BACKGROUNDS

From the *Daily Telegraph, November* 18
(London Independent-Conservative Daily)

[The following article is a review of the reminiscences of Sir Lionel Phillips, which we note under Books Mentioned. The volume, which was written primarily for family reading, contains an intimate view of the growth of British influence in South Africa by a man who began his career in the diamond mines there nearly fifty years ago.]

In the middle seventies 'great men' of South Africa were young. It is a diverting picture that Sir Lionel has given us of their existence in this rugged community, so little recognizable to those of this more fortunate era as the beginnings of the great and enterprising Dominion that we know.

'The Craven Club was the hub of social life in those days; after sundown everyone used to meet there, and it was there I saw a good deal of Rhodes and Jameson, Tarry, Rudd, Beit, and heaps of other men, many of whom became well known, who used to forgather within those friendly portals. Rhodes came out for his health, a lean, lank, loose-limbed youth. He had a pumping contract with Rudd, and soon began to buy a claim or so. He flitted off to Oxford to pass exams and finally take his degree at Oriel. He was very talkative, and had an inquisitive turn of mind. That was, of course, before he became a wealthy and ultimately a great man. No one suspected his future. We were all on a footing of equality in those days, and sorted ourselves out according to taste and not position. Rhodes and Jameson were both rather cynical in their estimation of their fellow men, but how far they really thought that everyone "had his price," or merely posed that way, it is difficult to say. I generally got on well with Rhodes, and, like almost everyone else, loved Jameson, who was excellent company and had an adorable disposition.'

There was plenty to vary the monotony of life among those who flocked to the new El Dorado. The diamond thieves and the receivers usually provided one with an exciting hunt. Phillips would often accompany the detectives, and describes graphically one encounter in a terrific thunderstorm, when from a hole in the ground they actually watched one of these nefarious bargains in progress. Later came the governmental authorization of the right of search, a step which aroused resentment among the whites and caused a strike. The dregs of the population joined the malcontents, an attempt was made to rush the defenses, and the defenders fired to kill. The trade in stolen diamonds became enormous, and very severe penal laws were necessary to check it.

Surveys of new districts necessitated traveling, and the accounts of these expeditions make one marvel at the contrast between the archaic transport of those days and the high efficiency and comfort of the remarkable railway system that serves the Union to-day. Sir Lionel recalls how the journey to Pretoria was done by coach, and wonders how the passengers ever survived.

These were days before the famous Witwatersrand was known as a gold field. One could have bought large farms of 10,000 acres or more for £200 apiece. 'And through these inhospit-

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able areas ran the greatest beds of gold-bearing conglomerates in the world.' In the course of these inspections he had to take the greatest possible precautions not to be hoodwinked. There were various ingenious means for furthering the sales of doubtful property. In one case Phillips took samples in the presence of the owners with one of his assistants, and although they showed rich results, he had an uncanny foreboding that something was wrong.

'That night,' he says, 'I went down with one of my party to the place we had sampled, and, with sharp picks, cut away a good deal of the reef, and then took fresh samples. They contained no gold. I left the tempting proposition alone, and discovered later on that the proprietors used to go into the drive with shotguns and fire into the face. In the cartridges gold dust, which penetrated into the cracks and crevices of the surface, was used in place of shot!'

Naturally it is to the chapters which treat of the famous Raid that readers of the book will most expectantly turn. Sir Lionel Phillips prefaces his account of it usefully with a picture of the Johannesburg of the day, an extraordinary hotchpotch of the transient and the permanent, pervaded by an uncomfortable distrust as to the term which Nature might at any moment elect to place on the continuance of her bounty. He does not waste space by enumerating the grievances of the Uitlanders, though he conveys adequately a sense of the furious resentment inspired in them by the attitude of Paul Kruger. He was a peasant farmer of acute intelligence and dominating will, as Sir Lionel freely admits, living by the Biblical word, but with a quaint propensity for meeting inconvenient deputations with a query as to 'Who had the guns?' — a remark which, if disconcerting, tended at least to dispel illusions.

Sir Lionel, as representative of large financial interests, was very averse to being associated with political agitation, but he had often written to his partners about the growing unrest. In 1895 he was visited by Alfred Beit, one of the senior partners of his firm. He was surprised to learn that Mr. Beit thoroughly shared his opinion that revolution was coming. 'He told me that Rhodes held the same view, and thought we should take a hand to ensure success, if possible.' At that time Cecil and Frank Rhodes, John Hays Hammond, Jameson and one or two more, and the writer were the only ones concerned in the movement. Jameson came to the Rand twice, first of all in September, when provisional dates for the rising were mentioned, and again in November, when, in order that he should not enter the country as a brigand, the reformers gave him a letter of invitation, undated, which described the situation as it was expected to be after the Johannesburg party took action. 'The date was to be filled in when we gave the signal,' said Sir Lionel. 'The misuse of that letter, when the raiders determined to force the issue, will always add a stigma to what was otherwise only an act of stupendous folly.'

The plans were that 5000 rifles and 1,000,000 rounds of ammunition were to be smuggled into Johannesburg, and that Jameson was to be on the Transvaal border with 1200 to 1500 men, all mounted, fully trained, and equipped with modern arms, field pieces, and machine-guns. The revolutionaries, on their part, were to take the arsenal at Pretoria, transport as much war material as possible to Johannesburg, and destroy the rest.

But it was always agreed, Sir Lionel declares, that the revolt should take

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place under the Transvaal flag, and Jameson was intended to play merely a subordinate part. He was to help the revolutionaries, and not they to help him. Sir Lionel reproduces the telegram in which Rhodes quotes Jameson as having reported that Phillips was anxious to do everything himself and not play second fiddle, and says he cannot recollect what conversation between himself and Jameson could have prompted such a report. The writer defends the decision of the Johannesburg leaders to postpone their revolt for a week — to adopt, in short, the second of the provisional dates. That decision, as he remarks, caused much misconception and not a little cruel misjudgment of those who had to take it. They learned that Jameson intended to march under and raise the British flag on his arrival. The news came as a bombshell, since Rhodes had agreed to the rising under the Republican flag.

'We not only appreciated the error from a tactical standpoint,' writes Sir Lionel, 'but were in a most embarrassing situation, as we had solemnly pledged ourselves to the Afrikanders who were in with us, and to men who had been through the 1881 war and were ruined by Gladstone's surrender, that we would not tamper with the flag. That was not our business. We intended to secure justice for ourselves and our Uitlander friends if we could, but realized the folly of trying to supplant the Vierkleur.'

So messengers were hastily dispatched to Cape Town to make the blunder impossible, and the revolt was delayed.

In justifying the attitude taken up by the revolutionaries on the subject of the flag, Sir Lionel relates a conversation he had with Mr. James (later Viscount) Bryce, to whom, in December 1895, he was acting as host in Johannesburg. The incident is remarkable as showing that that eminent statesman himself became privy — possibly unwillingly — to the adventure. The circumstances were that Mr. and Mrs. Bryce were visiting Sir Lionel when the latter's wife and children had been sent home to England. As the house was used for secret meetings, Sir Lionel was fearful lest his guest should become suspicious, so he took him into full confidence under pledge of secrecy as a guest.

'I did not make a note of the conversation, so am relying on my memory, which is, however, I am sure, accurate. He asked, "What flag?" I replied, "The Transvaal flag." He then said, to my surprise, "Why not the British flag?" I answered, "Surely no one knows better than yourself the vast difference between upsetting a Government and changing its flag." He at once assented, and, it is more than probable, merely launched his inquiry to elicit my reply.'

Retailing the conversation further, Sir Lionel says he explained to Viscount Bryce that he had no illusions as to what they were doing, and that all they could reasonably count on accomplishing was to hold Johannesburg and defeat an assault upon it. They might survive for three months, and then terms might have to be made or the Boers might determine to starve them into submission.

'I expressed the opinion that with our case no British Government could sit supinely by and see us reduced to starvation. He then said, "I am sure if our Party were in power we should come to your aid, and I have no reason to think the present Government will not."'

The intentions of the revolutionaries were frustrated by news of Jameson's premature action. 'Imagine our situation,' says Sir Lionel Phillips. 'Not a

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gun unpacked, not an inkling of why our instructions were disobeyed.' In Rhodes's own words, 'Jameson took the bit between his teeth and bolted.' The last thing they in Johannesburg had dreamed of was that Jameson would violate orders and start an invasion, for they credited him with knowing that South African opinion would swing violently against them, when it had previously been in their favor.

The insurrectionists tried to make the best of a bad job. Those of the smuggled rifles that had come through — 1200 to 1500 only — were brought up from the mines and distributed, a scratch force was organized by superhuman efforts. But the leading men knew that the game was already up. Pretoria was out of the question; the whole plan had gone off like a damp squib. No prominent man then hoped to get out of the mess alive, and short of decamping the only thing that remained was to see it through in appalling circumstances. An olive branch arrived in the shape of an invitation to meet a commission, and the conspirators believed the offer sincere. They have been blamed for responding, but Sir Lionel says that even at this distance of time he does not see how they could have acted otherwise. They might have decided for a spectacular resistance, but the movement would have destroyed, not relieved, the Uitlanders. Jameson had jumped in either because he really believed that Phillips did not wish 'to play second fiddle' or because he thought all were cowards and poltroons held back by fear.

'We may have been misguided,' says the writer to-day. 'I still do not think we were. But we were not afraid. Why should we have been? We could not anyhow hope to escape punishment and probable death. To us there was real temptation to do the popular thing. Just a word of command and the rifles would have spoken. That would have happened had we not kept our heads and put a restraint upon our own inclinations and those of many of our followers. . . . What were we to do? Make the inglorious fiasco more tragic by committing our town to hostilities, knowing that the hope of success had gone? Some people think such a course would have been heroic. I think it would have been insane.'

Sir Lionel repeats once more an abrupt 'No' to the question often put to him, 'Was Mr. Chamberlain privy to the Raid?'

'The Colonial Secretary,' he adds, 'knew that troubles were brewing and naturally watched events with anxiety and interest. He would have been culpable had he not done so, and in certain eventualities he may have contemplated the use of Jameson's force or been ready to condone their unauthorized intervention; but I cannot regard it as likely that he knew of or would have countenanced their becoming prime movers. I saw him many times after my return to England, and the impressions here stated became convictions.'

Happenings after the Raid are already familiar history. The condemned captives arrived back in their cells to the accompaniment of sawing and knocking proceeding close by — grim enough music to induce restful slumber! The thoughts of that night have been recorded, but the author of the present book does not wish to harrow his readers. Having reached an appropriately fatalistic frame of mind by morning, there remained to the prisoners, not death, but a five months' sojourn behind bars, relieved only by comic haggling over the amount that was to be paid for liberty.

On the writer's return to the Transvaal in 1906 there was work enough to

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do for anyone who would assuage the bitternesses of the past. It was in cultivating and befriending the new Boer Government that Sir Lionel believes he did the most useful as well as the most trying work of his career. He pays high tribute to the subsequent services of the two great South African statesmen, Botha and Smuts, with whom he became on intimate terms.

In his remarks on the future Sir Lionel speaks of the progress of the native and emphasizes the importance of an ever-increasing stream of white immigrants of the right type into the Union. Though numbers are of moment, he says, quality is vastly more so. Peaceful solution of the native question depends upon just treatment and due recognition of their evolution. Talk of segregation, suppression, and color bars imperiled the very foothold of civilization in predominantly native lands.

MEETING THE AINU AT HOME

BY JOAN CONQUEST

From the *Japan Advertiser, October* 26
(Tokyo American Daily)

At Sapporo I got out of my ricksha and walked straight into what might have been an English house in the depths of the country, with chintz curtains, comfy armchair, flowered wallpaper, and peace, after the unavoidable fret of traveling among unfamiliar people, speaking an unknown and unmasterable tongue. Doctor Batchelor, my host, was a tall, white-headed, white-bearded gentleman of the rugged Scotch-shepherd type. He is probably the best living authority upon the Ainu, the aboriginal race of Japan, to whom he has given nearly fifty years of his life as a missionary. Mrs. Batchelor, with a lace cap upon her white hair, welcomed cordially the stranger who had thus fallen upon them quite out of the blue.

I was introduced to their adopted daughter, a pure-bred Ainu, and I almost pinched myself to see if I were awake.

Simian, anthropological, monstrous: such were the adjectives I had always connected with the word 'Ainu,' believing — with the rest of the world — the Ainu to be hairy creatures, as near the animal plane as it is possible for human beings to get. I had a distinct recollection of an exhibition in London at which I had seen a small, wild-looking man from the north of Japan, with a mass of hair and an abnormally bushy beard; likewise had I heard the theory of the Ainu being the offspring of man and bear. From the moment I looked at the adopted daughter I began to remodel entirely my conception of these sadly maligned people.

Yi San was a slender, graceful woman with beautiful black hair, big wide-open brown eyes under well-defined brows, a straight nose, cheek-bones a little more pronounced — but not much more — than my own, and the sweetest, softest voice in the world.

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She looked like a Russian, and directly I got to the Ainu villages, to which we started the next day, I had the impression of being back among the Russian people.

It was upon a Devon autumnal day — strange it is, how all through Japan one is so persistently reminded of Devon and of the Scotch mountains — that we began our jaunt. A cloud-flecked, windswept, sun-bathed day, with hills like the Lowlands of Scotland, blue and gray and amethyst in the distance; a rugged shore to the west, with sturdy, storm-beaten fishing villages along it; to the east, fields where men and women worked in the rice, reaping with the sickle, threshing with the old hand-flail, binding, hanging the rice bunches, head down, to dry upon hurdles; or fields impossible to cultivate, covered with a fine white silky cloth of pampas-grass, patterned with the blue of the thistle and dyed in places with splashes of crimson; orange flames where the trees were turning. Crows laughed and barked, scoffed and jeered, on every side, and a hawk sailed high on the salt wind.

We changed from one train packed with the seething, hurrying, clattering crowds of Japanese who travel, travel all the time on business, pilgrimage, or pleasure. We changed again at Iwamizawa for Tomakomai.

We took the express from Tomakomai along the east to Sarubuto, and there changed into another, looking for all the world like three loads of scrap iron pulled by a battered tin teapot, which puffed and peeved protestingly through the countryside. We slowed up once — slowed down, rather — from the rattling eight miles an hour to a gentle jog-trot of two, and as gently bumped into a truck of sand which awaited our arrival on the track. We increased speed and tore along at seven miles to where the roadbed had caved in at the sides. There we stopped while the entire train-staff of two — the guard and the engine driver, I think — shoveled sand out and propped up the track. During this pause we investigated our bags, like ratting terriers, for remnants of food, while shutting our eyes and stuffing our ears to the expectoratory feats of our traveling companions via the communal cuspidor.

The engine sighed, the crows scoffed, a briny taste came on the wind, as we started once more on our mad career as far as Tomakomai.

'Ah, there he is,' said the Doctor, 'Kiokawa Arimakna, my Ainu helper.' Looking for something hairy, monstrous, and not overclean, I peered through the window and quite vulgarly nudged my companion at the sight of the tall, handsome man who swept off his hat as he bowed. Over six feet stood Kiokawa Arimakna San, with grave, wide-open eyes, thick black hair and beard, and splendid teeth showing in his clear-cut mouth when he smiled, as straight and slender as any Pathan I had seen in India.

Arrived at Piratori, my companions went to the house of the pastor, I to a Japanese inn where the floor was all mine and my all in all; for there was nothing else in the room. I stood, sat, ate, and slept on it. I had tea on it, with a little maid in solemn attendance, unpacked, put everything neatly away on the floor, and went out.

Piratori is not wholly Ainu; in fact, there are very few, if any, entirely Ainu villages left, owing to the advent of the Japanese, who intermarry with them and add their own ideas of architecture, in the shape of glass windows, paper *shoji*, and wooden walls, to the thatched reed huts in which the Ainu have lived for centuries.

Here I found a big Japanese shop stocked to overflowing; a pig contentedly nosing around and gazing at me;

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a group of children, some Japanese, some hybrid, some like our own gypsies; and Ainu, with big brown eyes, shocks of curly black hair, and fine teeth in well-shaped mouths, and poverty-stricken but somehow prepossessing in their patched garments and bare *geta*-shod feet which clattered in my wake.

I walked through the village, which stands on the bank of the River Sara, in the shade of the hills, streaked and splashed with crimson, gold, and flame, where once the Ainu had hunted bear. A sad-looking place it was, as if Destiny stood patiently, ruthlessly, waiting to wipe out the last vestige of the once great race.

Someone came toward me, with long dark hair bound by a cloth, and wearing a long outer-garment under which tight linen trousers showed. A man or woman? I could not tell. A man surely from the heavy moustache; a woman from the graceful walk and slender build. Whichever it was, he or she turned into a hut built of planks that looked as if chance alone held them together and allowed the many-tiered, thatched Ainu roof to rest securely, if crookedly, upon it. I met the Doctor and his sister, and together, followed by a clattering crowd of youngsters, we walked on through the village. The further we went the more it looked like an Irish village swept by disaster. Even the radiant coloring of the sunset could not hide the desolation of decay nor the melancholy which seemed to weigh visibly upon the roofs.

And as we strolled along the Doctor told us of how, some forty-eight years ago, he had come upon this dying race and of how he had then and there adopted them, living among them; fighting for them and their rights; learning their language, their ways, and their religion; bringing Christianity to them; putting their language down upon paper so that at last they came to have a written tongue; translating the New Testament, the Psalms, the hymns, for them, and compiling a dictionary of their own language, a mighty work, in Ainu, Japanese, and English, which he is adding to and constantly revising, as he has revised the other books he has written for and about them. His whole life he gave them, until they took him to their hearts, looking upon him as their staunch friend, going to him in all their troubles and griefs and for healing from physical pain and disease.

An hour before we started an old, wizened, pain-driven man came to the Doctor. He had an external swelling on the ribs; he had fever; he had not slept this long while. Being fully qualified, I was allowed to examine him. The swelling was as hard as a brick. The sufferer knelt, the Doctor said a short prayer, and put his hand upon the swelling, talking to him gently the while of spiritual things. The swelling disappeared.

We walked through the village to the hut of a paralyzed man. There I saw my first tattooed Ainu woman. Although the strict etiquette of the race and the ancient mode of salutation are fast dying out, she saluted the Doctor by taking off her cloth headdress and hanging it over her left arm, brushing back her front hair, putting her right hand on her mouth, drawing the first finger of her left hand up the right arm and shoulder and across her upper lip under her nose, and then smoothing her hair behind her ears.

To us she put out both hands, palm uppermost, in a pretty, lifting movement, as did the men. To the Doctor the men made the same gesture, then stroked their beards; and he returned their salute in the same manner.

As with all Orientals, the Ainu woman is considered infinitely inferior to man. She is a servant, almost a slave,

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a bearer of children, a hewer of wood, a drawer of water, and a tiller of the soil, as well as a cook and a weaver of cloth. As she must not turn her back upon superior man, she must walk backward out of the hut and salute him when she meets him, even if he be a stranger, stepping to one side to let him pass.

This woman sat humbly on the right side of the hearth, her daughter as humbly behind her, and through the smoke-haze I studied them.

Except for the hideous tattooing round the mouth, an inch-wide band of dark blue which surrounded and covered the lips and stretched in a diminishing line across the cheeks almost to the ears, they might have been Russians or Red Indians, squatting in the gloom of the hut which the all-enveloping and pungent smoke had colored a rich mahogany.

Slender but strongly built, they had big, melancholy brown eyes under masses of thick, curling black hair, good noses, and short square white teeth showing through the tattoo which, from a distance, gave them the appearance of moustached and bearded men. Rings too had been tattooed on their fingers. Their hands and arms to the elbow had also been tattooed in a crisscross pattern which gave them the appearance of snakes.

They wore scanty clothes of Japanese make, — only twice did I see an Ainu man and woman in full national Ainu dress, — and they sat listlessly, as though bowed down with the burdens of a life of constant drudgery, staring unseeingly in front of them, while I looked about me through the choking smoke.

An Ainu hut is thatched and walled with reeds, and under the eaves, to the east and the west, are two windows, shuttered and screened. The east window is sacred. Through it prayers to the Divine Being are said, fetishes are passed in and out, and, in the olden days, parts of slain deer or bear were handed in. Nothing should be thrown out of it. No one should look in through it. There are two doors to a hut, and the wooden floor is raised like a platform, about a foot and a half above the beaten earth, leaving a small square, a few yards wide, in front of one door.

In the middle of the raised floor is a big open hearth, and a hole is left in one angle of the roof to allow of the escape of the blinding smoke which cures the fish or the meat swinging above a big wooden frame over the fire. From the frame itself hang cooking-pots and pans, and across it are stretched mats for the grain which is to be dried for threshing or pounding.

There is no furniture in the hut. The bare boards are the beds, and the big pot which hangs from the chain over the centre of the wood fire, and in which something is constantly stewing or boiling, is the dining-table round which the family and the guests gather to thrust in their wooden spoons and draw out what they may of the now meagre fare on which they must perforce subsist. Their hunting no longer supplies food in its old abundance, since the practical extinction of deer and bear. There are a few earthenware cups and dishes of Japanese make, the Ainu having fashioned but little pottery, some home-made, beautifully carved wooden trays and spoons, and invariably a pestle and mortar.

Near the fire is slung from a beam a wooden cradle, generally occupied. In it, smothered in clothes, the baby sleeps while the mother works about the house or in the fields and the father in the bit of ground surrounding the hut. If the little thing cries, it cries, the Ainu believing in letting the young have as much as they can get of a thing they want and so curing their

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desire for it. I did not discover when the baby was fed, but doubtlessly on some good system of their own, as he always looked fat and perfectly contented.

I asked Doctor Batchelor the meaning of the carved sticks, single and in bunches, some short, some long, some with ends whittled into shavings, some with shavings tied about them. He said that our own mascots, the black cat, the bit of coal, the lucky coin, or the horse chestnut, explained the use and the meaning of such fetishes better than anything else.

A fetish is placed in a certain part of the room and in certain positions. To the Ainu, it is invested with life and looks after the health and well-being of the family. It is made of a stick of green lilac, with a mouth which is a gash in the wood and a heart which is a cinder from the hearth stuck into it, the shavings being added to hide the heart and mouth. There are special fetishes for the gods of the rivers, the mountains, and the seas; for beer-brewing; for good harvests; for hunters and fishermen; and for more other things than I can remember.

The life of the maker or carver of the fetish is supposed to be bound up in the fetish itself. If the wood decays the man is supposed to die, and often he does — which only tends to prove the potency of superstition.

From the fetishes my eyes wandered to a kind of alcove in which I could see bowls and vessels of Japanese lacquer standing in rows; these constitute the Ainu's treasures. They are of very fine workmanship and lacquer, as I found when I examined them more closely. Filled with wine or rice, they were given, in olden times, by the Japanese in exchange for fish and skins of beasts. Above them hung old bows and arrows, old sword-handles, and empty scabbards. These weapons were bladeless, owing to a law by which the Ainu is not allowed to carry arms.

The Ainu does not seem to hanker overmuch for gold or silver — perhaps because he knows little of their real value in exchange. The women's jewelry, if it can be so called, is barbaric: silver earrings, finger-rings of glass, necklaces of beads ending in huge lumps of turquoise-blue china, and belts of glass beads embroidered on leather, distinctly reminiscent of the Red Indian. Some men wear earrings made of red cloth run through a hole in the lobe of the ear.

The shadows were falling — alas for our photography! — as we left this hut on our way to the more distant village of Nina, where the octogenarian, Chief Ekashihorman, and his blind wife lived. The chief proved to be a fine-looking old man with a great head and beard of snow-white hair, sitting by the fire in his hut. Certainly he and his wife would be photographed if time were granted them to get into their full robes.

They made a wonderful couple as they came out of the reed hut, the old chief leaning on his staff, and looking rather as one of the Prophets might have looked after long sojourning in the wilderness, as he led his blind old wife. They both wore the *attush*, a garment made of elm fibre. Over his the chief had put on a coat, heavily embroidered and patterned, probably by his wife in the days of her youth. They both wore leggings, with rough sandals on their bare feet. The woman, heavily tattooed, wore many bracelets and necklaces and rings; the chief, his totem crown.

The Doctor had previously pointed out the Willow totem and had told me that the Ainu believes the spine to be made of willow, and that the connection between his totem and human life is close and vital. He now showed me the Bear totem, with human beard carved

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in wood, on Chief Ekashihorman's crown of bark, twisted cloth, and willow shavings, explaining that the old man belonged to the Clan of the Bear, while others belonged to that of the Fox or the Wolf. To quote the venerable Doctor: 'The totem is not merely the "picture" of some object, nor is it simply a symbol; it is really the animal, fish, bird, reptile, or tree represented by the picture, with which the people imagine thay have some close affinity, in many cases blood affinity, and in others merely a tie of friendship.'

So from hut to village, from service to prayer meeting, we went, following the Doctor, in whose footsteps the Ainu rose up calling him blessed. We heard the service read in Ainu by the Doctor, and in Japanese. We visited the *yochen*, or kindergarten, to watch Japanese and Ainu children taught by the Christian Ainu sister of the Ainu pastor of Piratori.

One meeting in the village of Petarapa, outside the village of Sarubato of certain distressing and unhygienic memories, I shall never forget. We fought our way through a hurricane of rain and wind, in rubbers, raincoats, and flapping Japanese umbrellas, with lanterns to light our sliding, slipping feet up the hill to Chief Uramba's beautiful hut, which he built himself in the days of the fat kine, and in which — with a few modern improvements — I should not have minded passing a few months. What impressed me most was the charm and dignity of the old couple, especially of the chief's wife, aged and slim and dark and as erect as a pole. She sat, smoking, on the edge of the circle of worshipers who knelt in the lamplight, their heads bowed to the ground. She gave short and sharp commands with a flash of the dark, stern eye, and sharply tapped any obstreperous youngster with her long pipe, bringing him promptly to order. The dignity and grace of that old pure-bred Ainu was something to be remembered; she might have belonged to the finest and oldest aristocracy in the world, so sure of herself was she, so tranquil, so undisturbed by the advent of strangers in her midst.

I smiled as I watched these old people, and thought of the rough-and-tumble, hail-fellow-well-met manners of some of the most advanced and civilized countries of the present day. That old couple, the circle of dark-skinned worshipers kneeling on the floor, the man of God in their midst, made a wonderful picture. He comforted them as they came to him for healing, laying his hands upon them in prayer and blessing, taking away the fever, loosening the stiffened joint, curing the internal pain and, instantaneously, that of the intolerable and aching tooth.

Right hospitably had we been received, with lifting of hands and words of welcome; right warmly were we sped, with clapping of hands and thanks and prayers to come again, while the daughters escorted us down the hill, lighting the place where the path had been swept away by the rain, to the inn of distressful memories.

Then to the village of Chin we went, down by the sea, where slender Chipirika (The Beautiful One) brought the gift of a big salmon to the Doctor, and Umpu, the wizard woman, came begging for strength to refrain from practising her craft, by which she can curse an enemy to death, bring upon him a lingering illness, prophesy good or bad weather or harvest, and make charms to scare away the demon of sickness. She too came to be photographed in full national dress.

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A GEORGIAN JOURNEY

BY PAUL SCHEFFER

From *Berliner Tageblatt, October* 19
(LIBERAL DAILY)

To a person approaching the Caucasus its mountains seem like an enormous, precipitous wall with no way across them. The highway crosses the series of ranges at right angles. Whatever forts, churches, and barracks lie in the gulches are in ruins. Civil War! Tiny flat-roofed cabins cling to the mountain sides. Everywhere dreary poverty! As we ascend the mountains the sense of oppression grows heavier instead of lighter. We are journeying toward Asia.

On our right lies the Kasbek, twelve hundred feet loftier than Mont Blanc. But the great Swiss summit has the Jungfrau, the Monk, and the Matterhorn as its noble companions, while the Kasbek is a king without a court. One does not realize its altitude from the highway. The latter continues to ascend until it attains an elevation of ten thousand feet.

We now reach the opposite descent, and Georgia lies before us. The line of vegetation is much higher here than on any mountain range of Europe, and verdure clothes the neighboring declivities. Bleak groups of little cabins, precisely the same color as the soil, are visible here and there; but they add scarcely a trace of life to the landscape.

While our driver is making emergency repairs on our automobile, we visit the church in one of the pleasanter of these villages. It is empty, dirty, desecrated, a victim of the anarchy of 1922 and 1923. At rare intervals a service is still held within its naked walls, upon which nothing but a few crude frescoes remain. Saint Joseph's eyes have been picked out — by the Turks, we are told. This church was built in the seventeenth century, and stands inside one of the many rude forts that dot all Georgia.

We continue our journey. An immense cloister is visible upon a mountain buttress in the distance. Its dome is being repaired. Beneath it a great hydroelectric development is under way, to use the water power of the Kura. Much of the equipment is from Germany, and it strikes me as at least one practical idea of Lenin's.

From Tiflis we continue deeper into the country toward Kahetia, one of the several districts into which Georgia is divided. Such a trip is supposed to be something of an adventure. The road winds through forested foothills which have always been a favorite resort of bandits — and a still more favorite scene of bandit stories. It is a fertile land, to delight a peasant's heart. We were required to take a guard with us. An automobile with five riflemen preceded us by a few hundred metres, and two more riflemen rode in our own car. I could not quite figure out how this would help us if an ambushed bandit were to put a bullet through our chauffeur while we were dashing at full speed along the narrow road.

These bandits have always infested the Caucasus. Its mountains have harbored, from the beginning of their history, a people devoted to wine and robbery, and they have not felt called upon, by the mere fact that this is the

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twentieth century, to confine themselves henceforth to wine alone. Even skeptics do not pretend that it was any safer under the Tsars than it is to-day, and many say it was less so. At that time, however, the highways of Georgia were garrisoned with guards and soldiers from one end to the other. Now there are only a few militia stationed at wide intervals in the villages. One never sees them.

At least two of these robber bands played the chief rôle in last summer's uprising. They were bandits turned political. In both cases the commander was a Tsarist officer assisted by several of his old military comrades. Now they are back again in the tall timber. A few years ago, when the Mensheviki had the upper hand, the Bolsheviki took to the hills. The latter boast that the peasants helped them and gladly supplied them with provisions, and claim that the Tsarist bandits who lurk there to-day must take their supplies by force. These freebooters are said to be ragged and half-starved, scattered in little bands of forty or fifty men, and relatively harmless. Conditions are quite different in the Russian North Caucasus, where there are several German colonies upon which the bandits levy regular tribute.

I asked a young but experienced Georgian Communist what would have happened if the Mensheviki had won last summer. 'Then I should have taken to the mountains again,' was the prompt reply. This young fellow wore gold-rimmed spectacles and was a dead shot with a Browning. He was unquestionably a good Communist and Internationalist; but he casually observed, 'As a Georgian, I am an Asiatic.' No Menshevist would say that. And this incessant mountain warfare, which mostly perpetuates hereditary personal feuds, is utterly different from the revolutionary struggles of Europe.

We travel for hours without seeing a person. Then, suddenly, a lonely wall and a cluster of towers will appear over the top of some steep, forest-clad embankment. It is an ancient stronghold where all the countryside took refuge when the Persians — or whoever the enemy of the moment may have been — used to raid the country. But the Kahetia plain is a land flowing with milk and honey — a low plateau surrounded by foothills and fenced off from the north by the great range that divides it from Daghestan. It is the best wine country in Russia.

We reached Telav, the very centre of this heart of Georgia. A native king built a castle here in olden times — a little vaulted structure of graceful, half-Gothic half-Arabic design. At one place the whitewashed walls retain a trace of broken Persian tiles — an overlooked memento from the reign of Nicholas I, who ordered the destruction of anything that might remind the people of their former rulers.

We made several detours that eventually brought us to the old Imperial estate of Tsinundali. In the days of the Tsar its normal vintage was four million bottles; it now produces but a quarter of that amount. We had the good luck to drop in upon the autumn church festival at Allaverdy, five miles outside of Telav. It has been held for centuries, on the fourth of October. Peasants poured in from the dark mountain gorges of the north, and from all parts of the broad plain. But this is no longer a religious festival. The church has been sacked and is now permanently closed; although I found a pathetic little line of wax-candle stubs standing along the doorsill. A handsome fresco remained above the portal, but the picture of Saint Nicholas has been recently scratched off, apparently with a nail. A dirty priest in a ragged surplice and a tasseled cap staggered

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drunkenly through the dense crowd of peasants. Several of them laughed. No one protested. That would n't go in a real Russian village.

Our automobile — we were traveling now without a guard — was the centre of curious attention; and we repaid the bystanders' curiosity with interest. Hundreds of covered carts were parked in front of the strong fortification near the church, their arched tops covered with a barbaric display of rugs and *kelims*. There were probably two or three thousand people present, and although it was nine o'clock in the morning, the men, without exception, were already drunk. Kahetia wine! You could see it in their eyes and detect it in their talk. But they were good-natured and inoffensive. They had brought wine and bread in their bright-colored saddlebags, and also a ram to slaughter. Only a few could find accommodation in the crowded inns.

A very few booths, and those of the poorest sort, had been erected for the sale of goods. Traders complained that the coöperatives had cut down their custom by half. I heard the same grievance at Telav. The peasants grumbled over high taxes. But any man who voiced his complaints too loudly was speedily hushed by his wife. A quick nudge, or a firm grip on his arm, and he was silent.

The burgomaster of Telav, the successor of the Tsarist governor, accompanied us. He was a workingman who had been a Communist for twenty years, and had formerly been a bandit chief. He was cordially greeted everywhere. I cannot persuade myself that these people have been compelled to submit to a Communist régime by force alone. Who would protect us here if that were the case? Surely the mob that surrounds us is wild enough and savage enough to show its resentment if it felt any. All these people care about is a chance to barter their gray homespun cloth and their handmade saddlebags and spoons for other merchandise. They will not accept money, even if you offer high prices. They demand supplies for the winter, and those are not abundant.

Of course there is dancing, principally by the men. Old heroic ballads are sung, and also the revolutionary peasant song of 1905: —

> We want to be men.
> Better dead than not to live like men.

Mountain wildness, barter, heroic ballads, a locked church, and, enveloping it all, a haze of Communism — a haze tinged with the colors of the East, but drifting hither from Moscow.

We visited a village where the peasants had recently driven out 'the princes.' The Menshevist uprising last summer provoked a violent counter-revolt of the peasants. That was the most significant feature of the whole episode. I asked to be shown one of the old princely estates. Formerly this 'prince' had about two hundred and fifty acres. Now he has about twenty acres, which is the maximum allowed under the new law; the average farm is only five or ten. The new manor-lord received us in the only room of his dwelling. A few people who had not gone to the festival in the village went around with us. Ears of Indian corn were drying on the verandah and in the room itself. A few dilapidated Georgian books and two plaster busts of Georgian poets occupied one corner. There was no rug, but there were two or three articles of furniture, including two beds. Twelve princes were driven out one night last summer, and only three had been permitted to come back. The same sort of thing happened in many villages all over Georgia. Thus was accomplished the last act of an almost unnoticed agrarian revolution — a tragi-comedy. The peasants suspected

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that we might be a commission to restore their property to the princes, and all our protests to the contrary did not entirely reassure them. For that reason they were not communicative.

When this peasant uprising against the last remnants of feudalism swept over Georgia last summer, the Communist authorities at Tiflis, fearing universal anarchy, sent emissaries into the insurgent provinces, 'to divide up the land.' All these gentlemen did, however, was to confirm the titles of the new holders. That has made the peasants stronger supporters than ever of the Bolsheviki.

I am convinced that the present policies of the party now ruling Georgia are dangerous. But I must admit that I traveled about in Kahetia in perfect peace and safety, that I mingled freely with these throngs of peasants in company with the Bolshevist provincial governor, that I saw nothing but smiling faces, and — ears of corn drying in the cabin of a 'prince.'

From Tiflis to Baku takes sixteen hours by train and three and a half hours by air. The Junker plane in which I left Tiflis on a rainy Sunday morning recalled my memories of Fili, a couple of miles from Moscow. There, embedded in an idyllic green landscape, lies the Russian daughter-factory of the Dessauer Works, which German skill and organization have built up in this new-old land. After many vicissitudes, Fili is now a success. It supplies machines for a regular airplane service down the Volga to Astrakhan, across the Ukraine, and from Baku to Teheran. All last summer there was not a single casualty. No country seems better designed by nature for flying than Russia.

To-day's journey is three hundred miles, or about as far as from Cologne to Berlin, over the sparsely settled table lands and low mountains that cover the eastern half of the Caucasus. For the most part it is flat, barren country, without the gentle, dreamy majesty of the undulating Kirghiz steppe. Its surface is articulated, like a fossil skeleton, by bare yellowish-gray ridges of sand and clay. The Kura, a broad stream fed by mountain tributaries that run dry in summer, winds laboriously through the landscape. Far to the east clouds banked heavily against distant peaks part for a moment, giving us a brief glimpse of the snow-capped summits of the Daghestan mountains.

Our route follows the railway. At regular intervals are white stone blockhouses, every one of them in ruins. Revolution has laid a heavy hand upon this unhappy country Here and there lies a patch of green marking the site of a small garden with rows of fruit trees and a few scattered poplars. At times we even see little fields, for the ground is very fertile wherever there is water. Horses and swift-footed, gray razorback hogs take flight at the roar of our motor. People rush out of their mud-colored cabins to gaze up at us.

My German pilot and his Russian pupil buckle on their belts, so that the threatening squalls will not hurl them from the plane; for we are nearing the treacherous ridges that separate this plateau country from the Caspian Sea. To-day we make a detour instead of flying directly over the range. Nevertheless three storms strike us almost simultaneously, one from the valleys, one from directly ahead, and another from the sea. For a moment the plane stands vertical in the gale and makes no headway. Clouds roll against us; the smoke of a locomotive below keeps us company. We cross several lofty parallel ridges and sweep down over a narrow strip of beach — the Caspian Sea. But the plane turns sharply to-

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ward the mountains once more, parts company with the homelike line of railway, and rises again, leaving on our left a forest of oil derricks marking the site of a deserted petroleum town. A few minutes later we circle over Baku — which takes its name from the Persian word *badku*, meaning a squall. Below us lie the homes of three thousand people crowded around tall office buildings, from which the roofs seem to grade off stage by stage to a flat suburb of clay hovels.

As I was walking through the city that evening I met a Russian who explained many things to me. For example, there is a rug shop, a diminutive little place with four men attending it and only three rugs displayed. 'Ask the price of a rug,' my acquaintance said. I did so. They showed me a dozen. The owners had five warehouses. Tax-dodging! The Bolsheviki are trying to strangle private trading by taxing it to death.

The Russian showed me a broad avenue. Formerly the shops extended well out toward the centre. A couple of months ago they were all removed within eight days. 'The poor owners!' you say. Quite the contrary. They are better off than they were before; for they pay less taxes. There are cases where the Government stores or coöperatives have evicted private shops from more favorable locations. During the past year the Government has devoted itself to this 'conquest of private trading.' As a general rule you can see the centre of Russia best from her periphery. That is true here. Baku has become much more Oriental than ever since private initiative has been suppressed, and Moscow's edicts are enforced here more rigidly than in Moscow itself. People say that the Caucasus 'is lagging in revolutionary progress.' I do not get that impression.

The Armenian and the Turk are extreme individualists. Armenian merchants, with their traditional talent for trade, were hard hit by Communism. They continued in business to the very last moment. They could not believe that the Bolsheviki would actually put their theories into practice. In this instance the conservative Turks were the wiser of the two. They hid their money or bought little farms and retired to the country. The only lively place in Baku to-day is the old Bazaar quarter, and even that lies under a pall. People are afraid to bring in merchandise to sell. How will these primitive people, with their primitive methods of doing business, accommodate themselves to the Moscow policy? Rumor has it that the screws are already being loosened in Georgia. Credit is being extended to private merchants, and Government goods are placed in their hands for sale.

Azerbaijan looks toward Persia, and knows that all Russia is looking with it. Baku is nothing without Persia, and Persia — so Baku flatters itself — is nothing without Baku and without Russia. The Persians are allowed considerable liberty to trade. There are four or five large Persian firms in Baku, and they are better treated than any other private businesses. But up to the present trade between the two countries has amounted to little. Soviet Russia is a land of fixed prices so far as wholesale business is concerned. Purchasers can apply to but one address to fill their orders. So here we have cold, bureaucratic, monopolizing State traders face to face with the easy-going, tradition-loving, haggling Orient. In place of the numerous private firms that formerly existed, some sixty or seventy national trusts, or syndicates, have agents in Baku. The Persian buyer does not meet the man with whom he really deals, for that gentleman is in

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Moscow. He simply meets the latter's agent, who consults Moscow by wire concerning each transaction. So Baku, the rich, romantic, speculative, money-making petroleum metropolis, has now become a city of Communist clerks.

Before the war there were large cotton plantations in the country northeast of here. When the Bolsheviki arrived in 1921 they promptly expelled the owners of these properties, and in many cases also the employees. The following season a former steamboat-fireman was put in charge of the Government cotton-planting. One year later three hundred tractors of American and German makes, gathered from all parts of Russia, were brought down to plough the fields. American cotton was to be driven out of the market at a single stroke. But nobody connected with the Government understood how to raise cotton. There were no sheds to house the machinery, and in a very short time the tractors were crippled and useless. But these people have been learning little by little, and this year they had nearly two hundred thousand acres under cotton in that district and about one quarter of a million acres in the whole Caucasus. The crop was fairly good. The locusts were kept in check, and two gins have been erected. But money is lacking to restore the irrigation ditches and carry out other needed improvements. Despite these embarrassments, however, next year will see over four hundred thousand acres in cultivation, or about the same area as before the war. Men who understand cotton-raising, several of them former cotton-planters, have been put in charge.

MYSELF IN DUMFRIES

BY SIR JAMES BARRIE

From the *Daily Telegraph, December* 12
(London Conservative Daily)

[Sir James Barrie recently revisited the little Scotch town of Dumfries, where he lived as a boy, to receive his Burgess Ticket — the Scotch equivalent of the freedom of the city. It was in a Dumfries garden that Jamie Barrie the schoolboy playing pirate got the idea that later became Peter Pan. Returning to Dumfries a famous dramatist, Sir James must have been little changed, for, says a newspaper account, 'he walked on the platform like a care-free schoolboy, with his hands in his coat pockets, behind the Provost in robes of ermine and scarlet velvet, and preceded by two gorgeously appareled halberdiers.'

Having received his Burgess Ticket, he made the speech we print below.]

Mr. Provost, Ladies, and Gentlemen, — no, I claim my first privilege, — Fellow Townsmen. To be your youngest burgess — what does it feel like? I suppose I should be unreasonable were I to ask you to let me sit down

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now to think that out. I very nearly began by saying that the Burgess Ticket was the most agreeable document and Mr. McGeorge the ideal Provost. I see you think he is, but no one is perfect, — not even in Dumfries, — and even your Provost, my Provost, has his Achilles' heel. How easy it would have been for him, and what a relief to me, if the Burgess Ticket had on this occasion ended with some such beautiful words as these: 'Any reply by the new burgess is to be deprecated, and, lest in his emotion he should break into speech, the town clerk is hereby empowered to append the common seal of the burgh to his mouth.'

It certainly does not at this moment make me feel young. Too many loved ones who walked Dumfries in my time will not pass this way again — among them the brother who was far more fitted than I for the noble compliment you have paid me. It is not only faces one misses, but the aspirations, the fancies, the laughter, that in company with yours have long since been rolled down the Nith to the contemptuous sea. I am reminded to-day of a Spanish proverb: 'God gives us walnuts when we have no teeth to crack them.' I had a curious experience just before I rose, connected with one of the distinguished burgesses who are now separated from me by a thin sheet of paper. Sir James Anderson (who laid the Atlantic cable) came to me. Our conversation was quite unsentimental. He wanted me, as the youngest burgess, to tell him about these newfangled things called wireless and broadcasting. He was rather brusque about it, and seemed to think he knew of a sounder way of communicating with America. I just mention this to show that being a burgess may have odder issues than are contemplated in the ticket. Nothing in the ticket pleases me more than the reference to the old Academy. It is what has got me into your Valhalla. The Academy has given me a prize at last. It is natural, I suppose, that you should expect me to say something to you of those old days, — so I have been instructed, — and they are, after all, the only part of me in which you can have much interest. What was that saying about walnuts? That we get them after our teeth can't crack them. Only a half-truth. I think the five years or so that I spent here were probably the happiest of my life, for indeed I have loved this place. Instead of a set speech, let me tell you of a few of the walnuts Dumfries has given me, whose taste is still sweet to the tongue.

The country round Dumfries! It is a lovely spot, God wot. Criffel, the Nith frozen, the Nith released, Torthorwald, Caerlaverock, — Lincluden, the Solway, — the very names of them are music to Scottish ears; when you and I were young they were our partners at the ball. We must always have something in common that others cannot share if we have sat out a dance with the Cluden. She was my favorite partner of all, and sometimes she sang to me, and sometimes I had a book with me to improve her mind. Still I see

> the river dimple by
> Holding its face up to the sky.

I wooed her in a canoe, but she was a capricious mistress, and often went off with the canoe, leaving me in the water. I dare say she is carrying on the same diversions still — the Helens of Troy never mend their ways. The next time one of you goes in pursuit of her — in a canoe — I wish you would give her my love and say that I never think of her without feeling wet. I have a singular memory of the Cluden, and connected with it is the first boy friend I made in Dumfries — a friendship that began on my first day at the Academy, which I am happy to say continues still. He looked me over in the playground and

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said: 'What 's your high jump?' And I said: 'Three and a half. What 's yours?' And he said: 'Four. What 's your long jump?' And I said: 'Six. What 's yours?' And he said: 'Seven. What's your one hundred yards?' I said I did n't know, but what was his, and he said: 'Five secs. less than yours.' Then he said the one word 'Pathfinder,' showing he was, like myself, luckily, an admirer of Fenimore Cooper. I replied with the same brevity, 'Chingachgook.' 'Hawkeye,' said he. 'The Sarpint,' I replied. 'I knew you had read about them,' he said, 'as soon as I saw you.' I asked him how he knew, and he said he knew by my cut. I was uncertain what cut was, — I am not sure that I know now, — but when he said he liked my cut I had the sense to say that so did I like his cut. He then took me aside and became more confidential. 'I wonder,' he asked, 'whether you have noticed anything peculiar about me?' Subsequent experience of life has told me that this is the one question which every person wants to ask of every other person. They all — all mankind — know that they are extraordinarily peculiar, and want to know if you have noticed it. I sometimes think that I must be the only person extant who is not peculiar. He explained what he meant. 'Do you remember,' he asked, 'how Pathfinder laughed?' And I said, 'Yes, he laughed so softly that no one could hear it.' 'Listen then,' said he; and when I replied that I could hear nothing, he said triumphantly, 'Of course you can't — that was me laughing like Pathfinder. I always do it that way now.' And so we swore friendship because we liked each other's cut, and any time we fell out after that was if I laughed like Pathfinder.

That brings us back to the Cluden with a jump from my first day at the Academy to perhaps my last year. I was by then secretly engaged in literary pursuits, and I thought I had made an interesting discovery, no less than that Burns and Carlyle — though at different times — had made love across the same stile — a stile on the Cluden. I cannot remember now what was my authority for this, but I did believe that I had found some. Nor can I ever have learned how they made love — though I am sure I know, and that you know, which did it best. Well, at that time my friend became enamored of a maid. No longer did he care what his jump was. In his dire need he consulted me. At that time he had a gratifying faith in me in affairs of the heart, partly because he recognized that I should be a poor rival, but still more because I was then — it is now revealed for the first time — I was then writing my first novel. It was a very cynical work, entitled *A Child of Nature* — she was not really that kind. It was a tale of Dumfries. Several of you were in it. A long thing — one hundred thousand words. A year ago I came upon the manuscript, and, you will be relieved to hear, gently tore it up — just in case it should fall into the wrong hands, you know. My friend liked the story, and was always begging me to read the new chapter to him, especially if it was a love chapter. I got the best of my love scenes out of the novels by sparkling ladies which I read with my eyes starting out of my head in Mr. Anderson's library. The swain did not know that, however, and I was flattered by his interest until I discovered that he liked my love scenes because he was turning them to his own practical use. A coldness arose, but things were not going well with him, and he had to return to me for succor. I told him — it was my first homage to the craft — that his one chance was to go to that stile, he on one side of it and she on the other, and if its associations did not bring him to great sayings then he had better hie him to a

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monastery. He was very diffident, did not have much hope, he was not really literary, but he made the assignation, and he went, and I am afraid he held a lonely vigil at that stile. She never appeared — I think she was otherwise occupied writing out five hundred lines at her boarding school. To me, looking back, that is quite a walnut, but I dare say he walked in no walnut grove that day. I can tell you, however, that it all ended happily, and that not many years afterward they were married — though not to each other.

One of the best walnuts Dumfries ever gave me is called the John Neilson. I have been to see him to-day. He was sorry he could not come. I should have been prouder to have him here than almost any other man in Scotland. Those of you here who have sat under him, and many thousands outside, have reason, as I have, to roll that name affectionately on the tongue, not necessarily because he was so determined to make us mathematicians whatever might be our own views on the subject, — and I for one differed from him profoundly, — but because in our most impressionable years he set us an example of conduct and character that kept a guiding hand on our shoulders when we went out into the world. For many years he has been an ornament to what I think must now be called the most important of all professions. I have sought the company of schoolmasters in England because I find them often to be the pick of men, but if this were their prize-getting day, and I had the distribution of the honors, I know whom I should begin with — 'First Prize, John Neilson.' I wish I had said that to him long ago in my Academy days — it might have got a prize for me out of him. No, it would n't; no one could ever get round that man.

The other masters one could work upon with some hope of a modest success, — even Dr. Cranston, that fine scholar, — but Mr. Neilson, the winds of our artifice beat upon him in vain. He was so dogged about his triangles that even I can still wave a hand of acquaintance to them if we meet in the market place. He did not always win. We did manage to keep some things from him. He never heard, for instance, about the *Child of Nature*. Not a word ever reached him about that stile. All unconscious was he that, when the shades of night began to fall, certain young mathematicians changed their skins, crept up walls and down trees, and became pirates in a sort of Odyssey that was long afterward to become the play of *Peter Pan*. For our escapades in a certain Dumfries garden, which is enchanted land to me, were certainly the genesis of that nefarious work. We lived in the tree tops, on cocoanuts attached thereto, and that were in a bad condition; we were buccaneers, and I kept the log-book of our depredations, an eerie journal without a triangle in it to mar the beauty of its pages. That log-book, I trust, is no longer extant, though I should like one last look at it, to see if Captain Hook is in it, and whether there are any indications that he was drawn from Mr. Neilson. If so, I should like him to look upon it as a walnut.

I have never divulged to anyone what set me, a dour Scot, to the writing of plays, but to-day one seems impelled to tell everything, and to tell it truthfully — another unexpected and disturbing result of the Burgess Ticket. I think I should never have taken to it seriously but for pressure from two great Englishmen, Sir Henry Irving and Mr. George Meredith. Irving not only drove me to write my first three plays and found managers to produce them, but it was he who got me out of the way of writing them on the backs of old envelopes. Why Mr. Meredith

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wanted me so ardently to turn playwright I could never quite understand, unless it was because he liked me to go down to his famous chalet and tell him about theatres without his having to go to them himself. Those two, however, had not the luck to be Dumfriesians, and so any further mention of them is barred. My first play was very properly written for the Dumfries Academy Dramatic Society, on whose boards I also made my only appearance as an actor. That was due to the histrionic enthusiasm of an Academy boy, certainly the best amateur actor I have ever seen, who, I am glad to know, is here to-day, and who blushes so easily — at least he blushed easily a century or two ago — that I shall cleverly conceal his identity under the name of Wedd. Never can there have been a more devoted follower of the Muse, or a stage manager with more ingratiating ways. During the winters of our existence his pockets were always bulging with stage directions, which fell on the floor as he was being caned, and all the time the masters were submitting him to drastic treatment he was considering how they would do for walking gentlemen. Is it conceivable that he ever had designs on Mr. Neilson? Our Wedd was truly great in low comedy, but not so convincing as a young lady with her hair attached to her hat, which was the sort of part for which he usually cast me.

I may perhaps be allowed to tell you without unpardonable elation — so many years have elapsed — that at one of our performances at the Crichton a male member of the audience asked for an introduction. I think I did greatest credit to our admired Webb on one occasion when the curtain rose on my husband and me about to partake of breakfast, and in his stage fright my husband pulled the table cover and its contents to the floor. How would a superb actress have risen to that emergency? I have asked some of them, Sarah Bernhardt and others, and none of them conceived anything equal to what that Adele did — Adele was my name; I was taken from the French; but the unworthy youth who played my husband would, to my annoyance, call me Addle. I went behind him, and putting my arms round his neck, — yet not forgetting even in that supreme moment to be wary about my hair and hat, — I said, 'You clumsy darling!' The house rose, — I don't mean they went out, — several of them cheered, led on by Wedd, who, when not actually on the stage himself, was always somewhere in hiding, leading the applause. Thus was a great comedienne lost to the world. The next time I saw that play was in London with Miss Irene Vanbrugh in my part. You may guess I was critical, and she was nervous. I told her I thought her good, but that she was lacking in some of my womanly touches.

It was in order to escape from feminine rôles that I wrote for the Academy my first play, a staggering work, entitled *Bandelero the Bandit*. I was not Bandelero. I nobly gave up that to Tom Newhigging, because I thought one of the other parts was better. It was the part of all my favorite characters in fiction rolled into one, so that I had to be constantly changing my clothes, with the result that I was scarcely ever on the stage. A disappointing kind of part. I foolishly told Mr. Meredith about that play long afterward, and when the fly came to take me from his house to the station he used to announce in a manner that would have set Wedd considering him, 'Bandelero's carriage stops the way.'

Fiction — the drama — I was also a painter in those days. I gave up becoming a painter for life only because I always lost my paint-box. That prob-

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ably accounts for the darker side of my character, which some people have noticed. I lose everything. I shall have a nice time with that ticket. Once a learned professor came to the Academy to examine us, and after some days of it I decided to absent myself from the final proceedings. Other boys were sent in pursuit, and there was a hot chase, until I discovered that if I went slowly they also went slowly — that, in short, they were as little desirous of returning to Lochaber as I was. Thus did they throw away those precious hours. I ought to have exposed them. I do so now. As it was, I remember going to the station and from a safe place watching the professor go off in his train before I returned to the school, to find, alas! that the exams were over. But Dr. Cranston had me that day, for he told me the professor had wanted me back only to commend me for a confiscated book of sketches. So that was a walnut I missed.

I did get two or three prizes at the Academy — and I always knew that I could get the second prize without working much, but that I could never get the first however hard I worked. That was because of a boy — I can't sit down without saying a word about him. One day there was a timid knock at the door of the Rector's room, and a thin, frightened-looked boy, poorly clad and frail, came in. No doubt we all promptly summed him up as of small account, but I should not wonder, though, if he was the greatest boy that ever sat on the forms of the old Dumfries Academy. I don't mean merely as a scholar, though in scholarship he was of another world from the rest of us; so he shone, pale star that he was, when he went to Glasgow University and afterward to Oxford, until — someone turned out that light. He was too poor, was that brave little adventurer; I think that explains it all. The other boys felt that there was something winged about him, just as I did. He could n't play games, and yet we all accepted him as our Wonder One. That this could have been so is a good mark for the Academy, and is perhaps a proof, if one were needed, that Dumfries is a Scottish town. What was it about James McMillan that has stayed with me for so many years, and can still touch me to the quick? I felt when we were boys that he was — a Presence, and I feel it still. Literature was to be his game, and what play he might have made with it! Your lost might-have-been!

His spirit's bark is driven
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
Whose sails were never to the tempest given.

I think the shade of Burns was restless on the night the caretaker's boy died.

Dumfries! So much vain blowing of fires that have burned themselves out. Even the ashes have gone cold. I feel as if I had popped out of the grave to show you some shivering, blackened piece of paper crumble in my hand. With your permission I shall now pop back again. I have sometimes been called elusive. After such a straight talk I can never be called that any more, can I? I thank you humbly for the great honor given me by inscribing my name in an illustrious list, in some cases so illustrious that it is almost strange to think that they have all to take the curb to make way for an Excise-man — among them belted earls and a' that, such as he liked, when the wind was in the east, to pour a molten fire upon, but every one of them now, we may be very sure, glorying chiefly in being burgesses of Dumfries, because he was one also. One half of Burns we can all fathom, for he was so Scotch that he was and is our blood relation, the one who lived more vividly than the rest. He was so frank about himself

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that we know that flame of life as we don't know even Dr. Johnson. All the miseries of him, his misdeeds, his follies, we understand, as we know some loving and erring son with whom we have sat up all night in the fields. That is the mortal part of him, and it is perhaps the one thing in all Scotland which we, his countrymen, ask outsiders to keep their hands off. There is also the immortal part, to which we don't belong, the part that is now a walnut tree for all the world. The errors and woes of Burns are perhaps too much harped upon. In his life even he too had his walnuts, and, by all the gods, he could crack them. To know how best to crack your walnuts! There have been many definitions of genius; I offer you that as another one.

REYMONT, WINNER OF THE NOBEL PRIZE

BY AD. STENDER-PETERSEN

From *Göteborg's Handels och Sjöfarts Tidning, November* 14
(Swedish Liberal Daily)

[*Living Age* readers will greet an old friend in the Nobel Prize winner, Wladislaw Stanislaw Reymont, an episode from whose most important novel, *Chlodi* (The Peasants), appeared in our issue of February 10, 1923. Especial interest attaches to the present article because of the suspicious suddenness with which it appeared in print, but a few hours elapsing between the announcement of the award and the publication of this highly finished critical study. Presumably the award was known to be confined to a small group of literary men — and after the announcement a number of other critical studies went back into the Swedish editor's files for possible future reference!

The author of the article is an instructor in Russian at Göteborg's Högskola.]

Among Poland's contemporary authors only two could have been, or in fact have been, considered as candidates for the Nobel Prize. One of them is Reymont, the other Zeromski. The difference between them is not a difference in degree of talent, or a measurable degree of difference in artistry. They are two widely separated figures, contrasting in their temperament, character, inspiration, and attitude toward life. Both are worthy representatives of Polish literature, and by their very contrasts they express the rich variety of the Polish nation's spiritual structure.

Zeromski is the restless intellectual, full of clashing contradictions, submerged in ego-centric searchings and aflame with unanswerable questions and insoluble doubts. Reymont is the calm, harmonious poet, filled with consciousness of life's unity and meaning, and holding the centre of existence in his own soul. Never has Zeromski succeeded in equaling Reymont's ability to produce masterpieces of faultless composition and to meet life with undisturbed, poetic calm; but he has, on the other hand, always excelled Reymont

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in depth of feeling, in artistic variety, in refinement of language and temperament. In Zeromski the hot Polish temperament reaches its full development — the temperament which renounces life rather than its hatred or its love, and which never subsides until the last drop of sweetness or vinegar in life's goblet has been drained.

With Reymont the case is quite different. His lyrical-epic style is calm and deep, hiding treasures like a mountain lake far from the storms or the common paths. He is academic even in his description, his dramatization never exceeds the natural limits of real life. He never gives love any deeper or more violent expressions than it actually has in everyday life. He never paints the sorrows of death blacker than they really are. He is just, and lets love and death and life and pain, and whatever is human, glow with and reflect the mild, warm light of truth.

Wladislaw Stanislaw Reymont was born in the same year as the 'brilliant imbecile,' the famous and notorious Stanislaw Przybyszewski — that is, in 1868. He belongs, therefore, to the period in Polish literature that has been called 'The Young Poland.' To the same generation, now old and gray, belong men such as Zeromski, called 'The Polish People's Conscience' (born 1864), Tetmajer, the fiery sensualist (born 1865), Rydel, the quiet, elegant dramatist (born 1870), the dithyrambic poet Kasprowicz (born 1860). To this group also belonged the dramatist Wyspianski (1869–1907), the greatest and weightiest, and, from a literary viewpoint, the most interesting and significant, of them all.

But while the majority of these writers gathered in youthful enthusiasm around Wyspianski and the agitator Przybyszewski in the quiet little city of Cracow, Reymont was from the beginning more intimately associated with the literary circles of Warsaw, and thus from the start a little aloof from 'The Young Poland.' Both his disposition and his complete lack of interest in literary programmes kept him distant from the friends' ideological war-dances in Cracow's only theatrical café.

When Madame E. Weer, the faithful and meritorious sponsor who introduced Reymont and Zeromski into Swedish literature, published in the beginning of this century her first collection of translations from Polish, called *The Young Poland*, she felt moved to express regret in her introduction that 'Reymont had recently abandoned realistic description and had instead heeded the more recent literary slogan, "Atmosphere! The Soul!"' which had then begun to be heard also in Warsaw. Her fears, fortunately, were unfounded; for his short novel, *Venus*, which had aroused her apprehensions, turned out to be no more than a temporary aberration from the straight path.

Reymont did not abandon realistic description. He could not unreservedly, and without violating his own individuality, accept the sharp distinction which Przybyszewski, with the arbitrariness of a radical, had drawn between intellect — which he called 'gray routine, slaving toil' — and the sphere of the soul, 'the choice feast, man's highest possession and heavenly enjoyment.' Only for a moment could he catch the contagion of Przybyszewski's and his friends' unhealthy fascination for neuroses and psychoses, for the lusts of the flesh as a 'cosmic power, as humanity's terrible *heimarmene*, *moira*, and *kismet*.' The children of the big city, the preachers of socialism, the adepts in vice and indulgence, could not in the long run win over the child of the country district, the peasants' brother.

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He was too well anchored on another bottom. If tentatively one were to try to identify the spiritual atmosphere from which Reymont has developed, — a task that is harder in the case of Reymont than with Zeromski, — then it would be obvious to stress the rôle which the newspaper *Glos* and the circle of men and women connected with it presumably played in the author's inner history. To be sure, Sienkiewicz, Poland's only Nobel Prize winner before Reymont, has frequently been mentioned as his spiritual ancestor, 'with this distinction, that Reymont, following the course of the times, is much more democratic, more familiar with peasants, laborers, and business men than with the nobility and gentlemen.' But regardless of the fact that both are epic writers, the hypothesis of their literary genealogy can hardly be maintained. Reymont has none of Sienkiewicz's philosophical positivism or fondness for the so-called *improductivité slave* with which he so fondly flirted.

Reymont stood much closer to the men who directed the newspaper *Glos* during the short, but for Reymont significant, period during which it was published (1886–94). It was at this time that he first entered the literary arena. Founded by half-socialistic democrats, who did not hesitate to attack both the Polish land-owning nobility and the Russian rulers, the paper did not put the recently raised labor problem in the centre of its programme, but rather the newer and more burning peasant question. The peasant and the soil, the peasant's positive right to the soil, and his intimate association with it, seen from political, historical, and above all, sociological angles, were the recurring subjects of its discussions, treated with democratic zeal and patriotic fire.

But though Reymont published his first novels in this paper, and though they harmonized so well with its programme, he remained even here uncontaminated by all partisanship, being little disposed to politics and partisan tactics. He remained what he had always been, a poet, free and self-contained, 'like the grain in the ground, the spring in the oak groves, or the faith of ancient tradition.'

Reymont knows his country as few other writers. As a child he grew up among peasants in the country — strong straight men and strong straight women. Like Jasio in his novel *The Peasants*, the son of a village organist, he has guarded their sheep and cried and laughed with the neighbors. Later life made him a railroad servant in the country districts. He learned telegraphy and how to keep track of the trains, speeding out to the big world beyond. He lived far removed from the miasmas of the big cities, and learned to feel that he was an integral part of his people and one with the Polish plains, marshes, and bottomless muddy roadways stretching out under the wide, arching sky. With pious pilgrims he made the journey to the sacred image of God's Mother at Czenstochowa. He wandered about the country as the faithful companion of homeless actors. He dived down into the smoky, smelly, and dishonest atmosphere of the big city. He allowed himself to be carried off to Paris — which, however, was unable to make of him anything but what he was, the son of a Polish peasant. Nor could America change that fact. He lived through the war as thousands of other Polish men did, a witness to its deadly destruction. But no events, no experiences, no acts of fate, have disturbed his calm, strong, resilient peasant faith. The scenes he had witnessed, the misery and the beauty among which he had lived, the

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confusion and the calm, whether found in country or city, became material for novels, long or short, diffuse or concise, but always well told, and produced with the same natural regularity as that with which the apple ripens on the tree, deepens in color, and then drops into the greedy hands of men.

From his pious journey to Czenstochowa dates his *Pilgrimage to Jasna Góra*, one of his first novels. To the tragic features of the barnstormers' life the novels *Lilli* (1899) and *The Comedienne* (1896) bear witness. About the life of the railroad men we read in *Ferments* and *The Dreamer*. The sufferings of the Polish peasants during the war he describes in his masterly sketches *Behind the Front*, one of his most recent works.

On a single occasion he tried his hand as an historical writer, in the novel *The Year 1794*, and though that year signifies Poland's greatest degradation, it is characteristic of Reymont's unshakable faith in his people that the novel does not describe how the country fell, but how it carried within itself, even then, the seeds of a resurrection, power for new historic deeds, for the new legions, for Dombrowski's march, for the principality of Warsaw, for the so-called 'Congress Poland' — for the final recovery. It is the heroic figure of Kosciuszko which rises before the reader; it is the proud motto of Kollontaj, '*Nil Desperandum*,' which is made the slogan of the whole nation.

Only once has Reymont tried to describe life in a big city, in the novel *The Promised Land*, and here, with a realistic power, strongly influenced by Zola, he made a soulless and shapeless conglomeration of the industrial city of Lodz, — the object of his colorful description, — without hiding or softening the immorality which is so characteristic of factory towns. But it was not his natural field; he soon returned to his original element, the Polish peasants.

During the years 1900–1909 he published his big, four-volume novel, *Chlopi* (The Peasants), which has recently been translated into Swedish, and which had most to do with his winning the Nobel Prize. In this big and yet perfectly balanced work he has found a new expression for his poetic individuality without surrendering his original characteristics. In it he has been able to unite his objective realism in the reproduction of concrete facts with a passionate and yet externally perfectly controlled personal interpretation of the mystery of nature, of life, and of the human soul; and he has created a synthesis of his own self.

In its union of a finely chiseled plasticism with a heavy, musical, fundamental pathos, in its deep, strong, swelling lyricism, in its mood and its attitude toward the world, lies the real charm of this 'neo-naturalism.' At the time of its publication the novel had the effect of a revelation in Poland. To be sure, writers before him had described the peasant — Sienkiewicz, Madame Orzeszkowa, Madame Konopnicka, and others. But none had done it so confidently, with such freedom from all sentimentality or theoretical idealism, as Reymont.

He had no need to make himself guilty of the one-sided emphasis, the lack of symmetry, which characterized his predecessors. All he had to do was to relate what he had in his own mind, what he had seen and felt — for what he had seen and felt was the peasant's own world.

In four big panoramas he unfolds the peasant's simple, patriarchical, and at times disturbed, circle of life. Autumn, winter, spring, and summer, the zenith of life, pass slowly by the reader. Leisurely we progress with the peasant

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through the seasons, attend his festivals, participate in his toil, suffer with him in his sorrows, and rejoice with him in his joy. Like him we bend before Nature's great laws, trailing along the eternal *Circulus vitiosus*, from life to death, and back to life again. Like threads of silver, fine symbolic traits shine through the even surface of the narrative, and a poetic brilliancy and an almost Homeric pathos, the arch-Polish *abundantia rerum*, pervade the entire work, appearing strongest in the rhythm of the language, which rises and falls, but never rests.

Its characters, placed against the background of Polish scenery, are plastic and tangible, but they never emerge from the context as independently living figures. They form a unit with nature, the forest, the land, the mud. They exist only in so far as they are part of this environment, part of this peasant race.

Boryna, the big strong peasant, is all the Borynas in Poland united in one person. The poor, life-hungry Jagna, straying from love affair to love affair, like a butterfly from flower to flower, is all polish Jagnas in a single individual. And as though the author wanted still further to emphasize his wish to merge all the Polish peasants in his characters, he has all the farmers in the village of Lipce unite at the end of the novel in common action.

In the combined, effective strength which the peasants possessed without knowing it Reymont without a doubt saw the hope of his nation, and his novel should probably be regarded as a call to coördinated, united action. It was written during the darkest days of the Russian oppression. *The Peasants* is the final summing up of Reymont's fruitful life, in comparison with which everything he had written before or has produced since pales into insignificance. In the annals of Polish literature *The Peasants* will be noted as the masterpiece of a master, and in 'world literature' it will take rank as a classic.

WHAT IS SUPERSTITION?

BY R. S.

From *Vossische Zeitung, November* 14
(Berlin Liberal Daily)

It is not many months since most newspapers of the civilized world were suggesting that a learned English peer who had hurried off to attend the opening of Tutankhamen's grave and died suddenly thereafter was a sacrifice to 'the revenge of the Pharaoh.' Everyone knows the morbid dislike that many — and often well-educated — people have for certain 'unlucky' numbers, or days of the week, or animals, or flowers, or jewels, or other things of the sort. Thousands of otherwise highly enlightened men could not be induced to sit down thirteen at table, or to start a journey on Friday.

The readers of *Vossische Zeitung*, no matter whether they as individuals happen to be susceptible to mystic motives or not, will all agree that in

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cases of this kind we have to do with typical examples of superstition; but if we carry the question further and ask what justifies us in lumping together all these various beliefs in the single category of superstition, and exactly what the nature and characteristics of superstition may be, then we shall probably find the answer far less easy to discover. There is no reason to be ashamed of the fact, for science too finds the question 'What is Supersition?' difficult to answer — all the more difficult and all the more complex because no single branch of science, but rather a whole series of sciences — comparative religion and mythology, as well as psychology and the history of civilization — find something here to study. There was a time in earlier days when the word superstition meant a belief handed down as a revival from the past until it came in conflict with a newer belief that was regarded as true. This meaning is still often employed. The old Latin word *superstitio* — from *superstes*, a survival — seems to favor this idea. From this standpoint the invisible God of the Jews appeared superstition to the Romans, while to the Jews the doctrine of the Trinity seems superstition, just as among the English Puritans the rites of the Catholic Church were regarded as simply 'Romish superstition,' and just as, in the eyes of believing Christians, all heathen religious beliefs are superstition pure and simple.

Viewed in this light the word 'superstition' would have a relatively simple meaning, but this whole way of looking at the question, when we examine it closer, seems untenable. No religious belief based on what it regards as revelation or on an historic tradition — whether it is Christian, Mosaic, Buddhistic, or Mohammedan — affords a satisfactory test to show what is superstition and what is not — if only because there are many forms of superstition that have nothing whatever to do with religion, and that religious belief can therefore neither forbid nor show to be superstitious.

These examples show the close relation that exists between superstition and religious belief, and how difficult it is in many cases to draw a sharp line between them. But then, on the other hand, superstition is in many other cases related to science too. For present purposes it is enough to refer to certain theories of natural philosophy, to alchemy, to animal magnetism, or to the not infrequent conflicts between orthodox physicians and nature healers, who mutually accuse each other of the grossest superstition.

The superstitious aspects common to both are due to the fact that religion and science, like superstition, are all the offshoots of a common root which lies deep in human nature. They are all three efforts to satisfy man's thirst to find out the cause of things — a thirst which is satisfied by very different methods, according to the character, the intelligence, or the education of the individual. What the convinced adherents of a religion would term 'misbelief' or heresy is very much like what the scientist from his standpoint would denominate a 'mistake' or an error.

The word 'error,' strictly interpreted, can be applied in two ways only: first, when it stands for the incorrect assertion of an experienced reality; and second, when it stands for a blunder in thought. An error is the result of false observation or incorrect thinking, and it can therefore be corrected. The erroneous observer or the erroneous thinker will almost always be ready to abandon his error when he secures a deeper insight. The history of experimental science, like the history of all human thought, is a history of errors, but it is also a history of their incessant correction. These assumptions

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were errors, and their exponents were therefore in error, but they were not superstitious. Even after these theories had been contradicted and shown to be erroneous, it would not have been correct to accuse a man who, in spite of everything, accepted the Ptolemaic theory that the sun goes around the earth, of superstition. He would be wrong, but he would not be superstitious.

Only if he began to regard the planets and their motions and relations to one another as a means of predicting the future fate of a new-born child or the possible success of an undertaking that he had in mind, could we begin to speak of superstition. We should be justified in doing so because such an idea would, on no tenable grounds, and without experimental verification, arbitrarily assign powers to the heavenly bodies; and because it would also necessitate assuming, without any conceivable reason, a fundamental relationship between the planets and a whole series of events, such as human fate and human endeavors, which are actually dependent on wholly different conditions and independent of planetary influence.

It is superstitious to hold the opinion that any things or events possess a nature that actually is altogether foreign to them; and it is also superstitious to regard them as secret indications of other things with which they have nothing whatever to do — still more so to believe that they may influence human affairs for good or evil.

The superstitious man can never assume an objective attitude toward Nature and her products. He must know what they mean to him, what effect they may have on his personal weal and woe, what they imply as to his future. The more uncertain he is about his own life, the less he can predict the good and evil results of what he does, the success or failure of his plans through his own insight, the more longingly does he hope for some external sign that may relieve him of his painful uncertainty and may set his tormenting doubts at rest.

A profound thinker, Hermann Lotze, says: 'The natural state of man is hesitation between belief in an eternal world order and perpetually recurring fear that he may after all be Nature's helpless creature, though both views are modified by indifference and thoughtlessness.' It is essentially the same frame of mind which produces belief in extra-natural or supernatural powers, and which also produces superstition in its thousand-fold aspects and ramifications. An anthropomorphism so deeply rooted in the mind of man that it can scarcely be extirpated is, in the last analysis, the root of religion as well as of superstition.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

AUTUMN

BY KENNETH ASHLEY

[*Up Hill and Down Dale*]

Gray sky,
Gray weather,
Sad sedges sighing;
Summer is dead,
Autumn is dying.
Fast overhead
Two great birds flying;
One clanging cry,
A whirry of winging,
Two rigid necks,
Four great wings swinging —
And then, two specks
Far south, together,
Fade to the eye —
Gray geese, gray sky,
Gray weather.

STAY, OH STAY

BY A. E. COPPARD

[*Saturday Review*]

Of love's designèd joys
  Dream only, do not speak,
Lest every noting hour
  A separate vengeance take.

Holy is love, but frail
  With love's confined desires,
Against whose chosen urn
  Time like a thief conspires.

Keep silence; love will grow
  In its own darkened air,
A moon whose clouds do make
  Heaven and itself more fair.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

HOW TO WIN THE NOBEL PRIZE

In more than one sense the Swedish Academy, which annually awards the Nobel Prize in Literature, is a close corporation. Founded in the middle of the eighteenth century in imitation of the French Academy, which is about a hundred years older, it contains but eighteen 'immortal' members compared with the French forty. Like its prototype, it is self-perpetuating, which implies all manner of social, political, or purely personal reasons for election, and at the present time university professors and literary critics, rather than literary producers, predominate.

Whatever may be the exact process of selecting a Nobel Prize winner, the Academy has so far succeeded remarkably well in springing a surprise each year. Undoubtedly this adds to the interest with which the award is everywhere awaited. No American has yet won the award, — so much coveted for its publicity value, as well as for the actual cash, which amounts to about $35,000, — and though the winners have to be notified somewhat in advance in order to be personally present at the public distribution of all the Nobel Prizes a few weeks later, there has never been a 'leak.' Perhaps European writers and their publishers do not employ press agents. If they did, what a temptation!

Judging by the *mauvaise presse* the literary Nobel Prize award usually has, both in Sweden and abroad, the Academy itself would seem to need a good publicity representative. Under the pledge of secrecy, he could aid the lucky publisher in preparing in advance a special 'Nobel Prize' edition of the winner's works, as well as translations into all modern languages; he could 'tip off' literary editors to have their erudite reviews ready; and he could, above all, save the writers of editorials on literary topics the humiliation of having to 'cover up' year after year their total ignorance of the crowned writer's merits. Their comment would thus be sure to be better natured.

But the art of advertising has not yet reached that stage in Sweden — or perhaps it has surpassed it. At any rate, the Stockholm papers, like all others, have to content themselves with advance surmises, which almost invariably are wrong. Last year there were, to be sure, many guesses that a British writer would be selected, but no one thought of the Irish poet, William Butler Yeats. This year, as late as the day before the public announcement, the *Nya Dagligt Allehanda*, which prides itself on its literary connections, advanced the theory that a woman author was sure to be the winner, the choice being supposed to lie between the Norwegian novelist Sigrid Undset, who specializes in Northern mediæval subjects, — as described in the *Living Age* of May 31, 1924, — and the Italian Grazia Deledda, whose favorite topic is life on her native island of Sardinia.

The Swedish woman's journal, *Idun*, gambled on the choice of the Italian writer to the extent of publishing in its issue for the week of the award a picture of her as a winner *in spe*, and a special article by Ellen Lundberg-Nyblom, one of whose sketches of Italian political life has already appeared in the *Living Age*. 'When one is personally acquainted with Grazia Deledda,' she wrote, 'and when she

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at times drops the reserve which hedges, or rather, formerly hedged, about her personality like the hull of a fruit, one may hear strange stories of the impoverished, mountainous island with its robber bands, its gorgeous church festivals, its almost heathen customs, its strict mediæval traditions, its crimes, its superstitions, its "vendetta," its depressing ignorance and appalling poverty.

'In many respects her art has already won a place for itself, and it continues to hold its vital quality. It is earnest and vigorous, being derived directly from the rugged, stern, and barren soil of Sardinia. For by origin Grazia Deledda is a peasant girl from this island, which is almost wholly unknown even to the Italians.'

The actual winner of the 1924 prize, however, was the limner of another nationality, the Pole Reymont, and until the membership of the Academy changes in character and taste candidates for future Nobel Prizes would seem to do well to confine their studies to their humbler neighbors. Descriptions of high life do not 'go.' *Stockholms Tidningen* observes: 'Wladislaw Reymont is not to be counted among those destined to leave a permanent imprint in the world's literature, but the genre to which his masterpiece (*The Peasants*) belongs seems to be a favorite among the leading members of the present-day Academy. All the more remarkable is their slight, repeated year after year, of a writer whom European opinion has chosen as *primus inter pares*, Thomas Hardy, the leading modern figure in English literature, whose masterpieces also fall within this classification. That Reymont is in a relative sense worthy of the great prize cannot be doubted. It is only the sequence that surprises.'

More caustic is Erik Hedén, *enfant terrible* of the Swedish press and editorial writer for Premier Branting's own daily, *Social-Demokraten*. 'Let us not abuse Reymont personally,' he writes. 'He possesses the true Slav gift of observation, character delineation, and narrative. But of his choice as winner of the Nobel Prize one has the right to say everything possible. Not only Hardy, but a long line of Englishmen precede him. Even a Gorkii, a Wassermann, or a Grazia Deledda would have been worthier. But the worst thing is that all criticism is futile. The Swedish Academy is hopelessly incurable.'

The credit for 'putting Reymont over' Herr Hedén gives to Fredrik Böök, Professor of Literature at the University of Lund, an aggressive individuality and a popular writer of travel sketches and literary essays. In a display advertisement of a Swedish translation of all four volumes of Reymont's *Peasants*, inserted the morning after the award in the *Göteborgs Handels och Sjöfarts Tidning*, he is quoted as follows: 'Reymont's *Peasants* has a grandeur in structure, a variety in perspective, a majestic calm in narrative rhythm, which over and over again compels one to think of Homer.'

✽

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR THE FUTURE

Not content with collecting paintings of good and great Englishmen — and a few others — of all ages, the National Portrait Gallery in London is building up a collection of photographs of distinguished living ones. The collection was begun in 1917, and now amounts to two thousand, 160 of which have been opened to the public at the Royal Photographic Society. The 160 photographs temporarily on public view are the work of Mr. Walter Stoneman, who is said to have been extremely successful in bringing out character in the por-

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traits, which are carefully posed but not retouched.

The photograph of Mr. Bernard Shaw is rather odd because if one half of the pictured face is covered with a piece of paper the other half is all fun and good spirits, whereas, if the process is reversed, the corresponding half of the face is strongly tinged with melancholy. As a contemporary English critic observes, 'this discovery makes it more difficult than ever to solve the problem of whether Mr. Shaw is a weeping or a laughing philosopher.'

Other successful portraits include Thomas Hardy, Sir Flinders Petrie, and Prime Minister Baldwin. There is not a single portrait of a woman in the entire collection, in spite of the distinguished contributions made in many departments of English life by women of the present generation.

*

A NEW PLAY BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

WHILE Mr. Eden Phillpotts's play, *The Farmer's Wife*, is running simultaneously in London and New York, he has written another play of much the same sort which has had its first production at the Repertory Theatre in Birmingham. The production was the work of Barry Jackson, an English manager who has frequently made the English public his debtor for his courage in undertaking new plays of merit.

Devonshire Cream is the story of the silver-wedding day of Elias and Amy Widecombe, of Combe Farm, and the scene, which remains unchanged throughout the action, is laid in their barn, which has been gayly adorned with foliage and flags in honor of the occasion. All the neighbors but one have been invited to the merrymaking. The exception is Robert Blanchard, who is excluded because of a family feud now many years old. But, unknown to her parent, the farmer's daughter has fallen in love with the hostile neighbor. The dramatist thereby secures a very pretty conflict of wills, which he works out with much shrewd humor and intimate knowledge of Devonshire life to a reconciliation and a happy ending.

It has not been announced whether the new play will be taken to London.

*

RADIO PIRATES IN ENGLAND

THE British Government long ago took a hand in the broadcasting game, and all listeners-in dwelling upon the tight little island are required to possess licences from the Postmaster-General. The broadcasting stations are almost entirely managed by the British Broadcasting Company.

Officials estimate that there are 2,000,000 'radio pirates' — that is, people who have installed indoor listening apparatus of their own without bothering over a licence. The problem troubling the Postmaster-General is how he can detect these unlicensed listeners. An Englishman's home is proverbially his castle, and there seems no law which will give the Post Office authorities the right of search. The Wireless Telegraphy Act of 1904 makes it illegal for any person to install a wireless apparatus capable of making signals unless he has procured a licence, but as the offending 2,000,000 cannily confine themselves to listening sets, this Act does not apply. As most of the licences either expired or will expire this month, the Broadcasting Company, which cooperates with the Post Office, is troubled by the fear that its subscribers may refuse to renew, though they will keep right on listening in.

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FACES AND CHARACTER

A WEEK or two ago we quoted the opinion of the famous Engish painter, Sir William Orpen, on the simultaneous increase of goodness and beauty in modern men and women. Apparently this has set the *Manchester Guardian* to collecting authoritative opinions on the relation between face and character. The anonymous writer in the *Guardian* is by no means so optimistic as Sir William.

That popular idea that a man's character is to be read in his face receives no support from so eminent an authority on criminals as Sir Basil Thomson. 'There is no truth in it,' he told a Bradford audience this week. One remembers too the memoirs of a famous police-court missioner who held the same view as Sir Basil. On the other hand, Sir Edward Burne-Jones once declared that legal testimony did not affect him at all, and that he wanted men tried for their faces. 'I spent the time in court settling things all my own way,' he wrote, after attending a sitting of the Parnell Commission. 'I tried the judges first, and acquitted one, so that he sits in court without a blemish on his character, and one I admitted to mercy, and have postponed the trial of the other for further evidence. Then I tried the counsel on both sides. One of them, I am sorry to say, will have to be hanged for his face.'

*

AN INTERVIEW WITH WLADISLAW REYMONT

IMMEDIATELY after the Nobel award the Polish journal *Wiadomości Literackie* hastened to interview Wladislaw Reymont.

'I do not live in what I have written,' said the author of *The Peasants* to his interrogator, 'but in what I am going to write. Things I have written disappear from my memory. There is a certain economy of brain power in the system, whereby my whole energy is directed toward the future. That is why I sometimes remember only dimly the contents of my own works. In any case, I could not make a list of them. I am glad of this defect of my memory. The past does not interest me. . . .

'As to the themes of my new works, they are so many that I cannot cope with them. I am thinking of a great tragedy — wanderings without the light of religion. I think of it all the time. The essence of modern nihilism interests me. What does it bring us? What does it annihilate? What does it mean?

'Another prospective work is something in the nature of a Utopia — a materialistic world mechanized to the utmost limit. Each individual is no more than part of a machine. Humanity is governed by tyrants — "kings" of earth, air, sea. No more books — they have been judged harmful and annihilated. The world is interested in material productivity alone and lives a mere physical life. Someone finds a surviving copy of the Gospels. The finder gathers a group of fighters for to-morrow . . . The story of Christ is repeated.'

Besides these Reymont has already written the scenario of a fantastic film romance, and is working at a cycle of stories under the general title *Zchlopskiego gniazda* (From a Peasant Homestead).

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BOOKS ABROAD

The White Monkey, by John Galsworthy. London: Heinemann; New York: Scribner's, 1924. $2.00.

[*Sunday Times*]

WHETHER Mr. John Galsworthy's new novel, *The White Monkey*, is merely an isolated pendant to the series of social studies lumped together under the title of *The Forsyte Saga*, or the precursor of a second catena of novels continuing the history of that famous family, must for the present remain a matter of doubt. Mr. Galsworthy is nothing if not individual, and *The White Monkey* is, in some respects, the most peculiar book he has yet given us. It is not that it covers a wide area of social interests, and deals with the histories of different groups of people, the main currents of whose lives are widely set apart — many novels do that, without producing the peculiar effect left on the mind of the reader of *The White Monkey*. It tells several distinct stories.

It tells the story of the first three years of the married life of Michael Mont and Fleur Forsyte, and of how very nearly it came to wreck through the infatuation of Wilfrid Desert for his friend's wife; how the situation was saved by Wilfrid's sudden departure from England and the subsequent birth of Michael's and Fleur's child. It tells the story of Tony Bicket, who 'snooped' his employer's property to provide nourishing dainties for his invalid wife; and of the wife herself, who, restored to health, heroically posed for the 'altogether' in order to earn the money to save her husband from the squalid misery of a pavement vendor of toy balloons.

It tells how the solidly based and honestly built reputation of Soames Forsyte for financial infallibility was shaken by the rascally conduct of Mr. Elderson, manager of the Providential Premium Reassurance Society. And yet, although Mr. Galsworthy has been at no apparent pains to weld these different strands together, so that each stands apart in the reader's recollection as a separate individual story, by some nameless feat of art the book as a whole is absolutely free from any 'spottiness' or feebleness.

Mr. Galsworthy's powers of portraiture have never been better exemplified. There is no figure on his crowded stage which does not show the *coup de pouce* which reveals the master. It is always a ticklish feat for a novelist to reproduce a strongly marked character in new conditions, but Soames Forsyte, who pervades *The White Monkey* as he pervaded the *Saga*, comes through the ordeal with distinguished success.

[*Saturday Review*]

MR. ALDOUS HUXLEY must look to his pneumatic trousers. The old-established reputations expand to include as much slang and gayety and naughtiness as you please. *The White Monkey* is by far the most amusing and the most daring, and in some ways the most successful, of all the books Mr. Galsworthy has written.

It shows his limitations, but it overrides them. The real hero of it is Soames Forsyte. But the ostensibly central figures are Fleur, Soames's daughter, and her husband, Michael Mont; and they are not happy together because Fleur does not really love Michael. She plays with fire — that is, with Wilfrid the poet. In the treatment of Michael's and Wilfrid's feeling for Fleur we discern the first and most awkward limitation. 'Why should one catch this fatal disease called love? Why should one be driven half-crazy by it?' Mr. Galsworthy almost always writes about love as if it were a disease and a craziness — the two things which obviously it can never by any possibility be. The second limitation is apparent in the whole Bicket episode, which is introduced, by a familiar formula, to run parallel to the Fleur-Michael plot. As far as I know, Mr. Galsworthy has only once — in one brief scene of *The Silver Box* — written about any poor person anything which sounded as if he had ever seen a poor person in his life. His sympathy for the poor is passionate and noble, but as expressed in his art it is entirely abstract; he writes about them as might some large-hearted and broad-minded visitor from Mars. But the third limitation is the main plot itself. Michael is made to become perfectly happy, Fleur to become perfectly amenable, by the arrival of a son and heir. No doubt there is a Galsworthian irony in the background; we are not expected to accept this false and sugary conclusion as anything but an illusion of two foolish young people. Only — the young people have not been drawn as foolish as that.

Nevertheless, within these limitations, the book may fairly be called a masterpiece. A fine creative gusto gives life and energy to the whole. Mr. Galsworthy's great, his supreme, merit is as a story-teller. He makes you want to read on.

[*Daily Herald*]

THERE comes a moment in the career of almost every creative artist when it is clear that the period of creation has passed. Dickens reached that moment after *Great Expectations* and before *Our Mutual Friend*. Thackeray came to it when

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he had written *The Newcomes*. Some few never cease from mental fight, never repeat themselves, never fall, as even Anatole France did from *Penguin Island* to *The Angels' Revolt*. Bernard Shaw is one of these. His wide and acute sympathies account for the lasting freshness of his outlook and comment.

Mr. Galsworthy has not those sympathies. He is a sentimentalist about people in the lump, but he does not love individuals. He examines humanity as entomologists study insects, under magnifying glasses, and he offers the results of his investigation with a coolness which has been at times brilliant, as in *The Country House* and *The Man of Property*, but which is always scientifically detached.

For some years in his plays he has fallen back on melodramatic plots, skillfully disguised. Now he employs the same artifice in a novel. *The White Monkey* is another tale about Forsytes, and it is a readable tale enough because it is built around a theatrical episode of crime detection. But there is nothing in it beyond ingenuity; no character except Soames, whom we knew all about before; nothing new at all. At the start the old-fashionedness of the society chatter recalls Stephen McKenna, at times the heavy facetiousness of the Principal Young Man reminds one of Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson.

Galsworthy, unlike Shaw and Wells, has chosen to stand apart from the current of life. He has posed himself 'above the mellay.' Therefore he was bound to dry up. This novel shows that the process has gone some way already.

[Rose Macaulay in the *Daily News*]

A MONKEY that has eaten the fruit and chucked the rind about and that asks pathetically with its eyes what it is all about.

'Here,' says Mr. Galsworthy, 'you have modern civilization symbolized.' And he proceeds to prove it by drawing, with his characteristic exquisite competence, various types of modern civilization, denizens of the world of cultured luxury, who ought to be happy, in that they have everything to make them so, but somehow are n't. Rich young people, happily married, with a charming house, the right friends and parties to go to, the right tastes in the arts, means to gratify every whim — and yet they are moved by a restless melancholy, they are forever consuming life's bright fruits and flinging away the rinds and remaining still unsatisfied.

This Mr. Galsworthy calls modernity, or modern civilization, forgetting two things — first, that discontented temperaments which nothing can make happy have abounded since the beginning of time, and have not, so far as we know, increased in numbers; nor are they to be found in one class rather than another; secondly, that such temperaments are a small minority among the easily pleased, childlike, robustly cheerful human race, and should not be generalized from. Mr. and Mrs. Michael Mont, the rich yet worried young people, are of those who are sensitive to *lachrymæ rerum*; they go about saying, 'Pity is posh; sentiment is swosh; tears are tosh,' in a vain endeavor to keep these things at arms' length. They move with sad souls in a sad world.

[H. C. Harwood in the *Outlook*]

The White Monkey is much poorer history than *The Forsyte Saga*. Coué and the Ruhr and the 1922 election are too prominent. Three-quarters of the criticism is out of date before publication. In other respects, in sheerly imaginative sympathy, this sequel towers above anything in the *Saga* proper. It may be bad history, but it is an excellent tale.

The Revolution in Ireland, 1906–1923, by Professor W. Alison Phillips. London: Longmans, 1924. 12*s*. 6*d*.

[*Daily Telegraph*]

THIS arresting volume, from the pen of Professor W. Alison Phillips, does much to bring the revolution of Ireland into historic perspective. It is in part based on unpublished official documents, and it shows the continuity between the Home Rule agitation, following the breakdown of the Wyndham Act, the split between the groups in the Nationalist Party, and the commencement of the Sinn Fein movement. Now to many the Irish revolution, like the Russian revolution on a minute scale, seemed to contradict the laws of historic experience, as though the old gibe that in Ireland 'the expected never happens' were quite literally as true in Dublin as it is apparently true in Moscow. Yet the logic of life, as opposed to the logic of the syllogism, in reality spares the small distraught island no more than it spares the great maimed continent that was once an empire.

BOOKS MENTIONED

ASHLEY, KENNETH: *Up Hill and Down Dale*. London: Bodley Head, 1924. 5*s*.

PHILLIPS, SIR LIONEL. *Some Reminiscences*. London: Hutchinson & Co., 1924. 18*s* net.

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This Week

South America is setting an example which the United States would do well to follow. In the presence of the Ibero-American Union, an ex-official of the Colombian Government lit out at the high-hatted European scoffers who are always ridiculing Spanish-America's propensities for revolution. Now that John W. Davis's speaking engagements are not so pressing as they used to be, could n't he take a leaf out of Mr. Cano's book and hold forth before the London branch of the English-speaking Union on the sore topic of American bad taste, comparing Jackie Coogan with the Prince of Wales?

* * *

Sir James Barrie's resolve of some years ago to make no more speeches was like a Farewell Tour of Pavlowa's. The eminent scenario writer's well-remembered voice continues to ring on all possible occasions. More power to it!

* * *

How the glitter of South African gold dazzled the eyes of the liberty-spreading apostles of the British Empire is explained in the course of Lionel Phillips's reminiscences. The *Daily Telegraph* printed such an excellent review of this book that we have slapped it into the body of the magazine, thereby conferring upon it the distinction that only *Living Age* articles can enjoy.

* * *

It has been suggested that the *Living Age* attempt to increase its circulation by appealing to the fabricators of crossword puzzles, to whom such words as Ainu would be meat and drink. The difficulty, however, is that our readers want to find out about the home life of this benighted aborigine of Japan who is so sunk in ignorance as to regard women infinitely inferior to men; whereas the puzzle pedant would be interested in the Ainu only because its last letter afforded him an interlock with the last letter of a large Australian bird.

* * *

Infested with bandits, soaked in liquor, and rife with poverty, transatlantic Georgia is not the ideal place for a quiet journey. But it has its points of superiority over our Southern State of the same name in that its inhabitants make the rocks of the Caucasus resound to a song beginning, 'We want to be men. Better dead than not to live like men,' while the jazz parlors of Atlanta throb to the strains of 'Everything is Peaches Down in Georgia.'

* * *

Our answer, as man to man, to R. S.'s question, 'What is Superstition?' would be that it is believing that you can be an intelligent person without reading the *Living Age*.

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JOHN HAYS HAMMOND was in the West in those colorful days which have been the setting for so many novels and moving pictures.

The first part of his "Strong Men of the Wild West" appears in the February number of Scribner's Magazine.

☆ ☆ ☆

Stanislaw Gutowski came to America in the panic year, 1907.

His "An Immigrant at the Crossroads" appears in the February number of Scribner's Magazine.

☆ ☆ ☆

Both of these men were willing to leave the beaten paths of their lives, both have a story to tell. Both stories have meaning, they apply to America today.

☆ ☆ ☆

Stella Beehler Ruddock has consented to allow the story of her experiences as a navy wife to appear under her signature. She at first intended to publish it anonymously.

"Taggin' Ship" appears in the February number of Scribner's Magazine.

☆ ☆ ☆

Should America apologize for jazz? See what William J. Henderson, distinguished music critic, says.

"Ragtime, Jazz, and High Art" appears in the February Scribner's Magazine.

☆ ☆ ☆

A colorful president or a comfortable one?

Albert Guérard has much of interest to say on the subject.

"In the Realm of King Log" appears in the February Scribner's Magazine.

☆ ☆ ☆

Ellsworth Huntington hits the Russian question from another angle.

"The Suicide of Russia" appears in the February Scribner's Magazine.

☆ ☆ ☆

And Henry Rood has some ideas on the American college.

"College and the Artist" appears in the February Scribner's Magazine.

☆ ☆ ☆

Gamaliel Bradford, psychograph expert, presents to us Edwin Booth, famous actor, recipient of a tragic inheritance, and famous American.

☆ ☆ ☆

H. C. Chatfield-Taylor in "Memories of Some Parisians" relates how he sat at luncheon with Rodin, wondering who the short, dumpy man was, and gives us glimpses of other famous figures.

☆ ☆ ☆

The February Scribner's Magazine contains stories by Thomas Boyd, Mary R. Gordon, and Kyle S. Crichton.

☆ ☆ ☆

Gavarni, that original spirit whose genius for the interpretation of the social pageant of his time is still a byword in Paris, is Royal Cortissoz's subject for "The Field of Art."

☆ ☆ ☆

Edward W. Bok, William Lyon Phelps, Margaret Sherwood, Marian Storm, and Alexander Dana Noyes are among the other contributors to the February number of Scribner's Magazine.

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